

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3472.—VOL. CXXVII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

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THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF RUSSIA: COUNT SERGIUS WITTE.

Count Witte, the foremost and the only liberal statesman in Russia during the past dozen years, was, before the outbreak of the war, practically in retirement, but as the fortunes of Russia declined his prestige was gradually restored to him, and now he has succeeded in wresting at least a promise of constitutional government from the autocracy. He negotiated the Peace of Portsmouth, and on his return was raised to the rank of Count.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

It is an error to suppose that statistics are merely untrue. They are also wicked. As used to-day, they serve the purpose of making masses of men feel helpless and cowardly. If I choose to light a pipe I am not the less free because ten thousand others are doing exactly the same. People have used much too freely, for instance, that phrase "reaction." If my father thought treacle better than honey, and I think honey better than treacle, England has experienced a reaction. If one party wins at one election, and another party wins at another election, it is a reaction. Some people have invented a very wicked phrase for it; they call it "the swing of the pendulum." But a man ought to be ashamed to be compared to a lump of lead. A pendulum swings because it cannot help it. But if there be a man who is ready to regard himself in the light of a pendulum, I have no use for him. Such a man ought to hang himself. Then he could be a pendulum and swing as much as he liked. But individual live men do not behave in this mechanical way; and about individual live men nobody even dreams of expecting it. It is quite true that this automatic recoil, or jumping back to an original position, is characteristic of inanimate or semi-animate things. It is quite true that if you find a tree bending over a river and you pull it violently backwards (with your well-known Herculean strength) and then release it, it will tend to resume its original position. But it is not true of a human being. It is not true that if you find a respectable gentleman bending over a book, and pull him violently backwards, and then release him, he will resume his original position. He will not do so in the least. He will throw himself into all sorts of new and animated positions, and possibly hit you in the eye. And then the statisticians say that if you have two thousand respectable gentlemen in a long row, all bending over two thousand separate books, and if you pull them all backwards and let them all go, they will all fall back into their places like the keys of a piano. I greatly doubt it. I believe they will hit you in the eye; and in case you do not happen to have two thousand eyes, or enough to go round, they will wait in a long queue, like people at the pit of a theatre, for the privilege of hitting you. At any rate, I fancy that if you act on this statistical principle, you will get knocked about. I hope you will.

And I have another quarrel with statistics. I believe that even when they are correct they are entirely misleading. The thing they say may sometimes be positively and really true; but even then the thing they mean is false. And it must always be remembered that this meaning is not only the only thing to which we ought to pay attention, but is literally, as a rule, the only thing our mind receives. When a man says something to us in the street, we hear what he means: we do not hear what he says. When we read some sentence in a book, we read what it means: we cannot see what it says. And so when we read statistics. It is impossible for the human intellect (which is divine) to hear a fact as a fact. It always hears a fact as a *truth*, which is an entirely different thing. A truth is a fact with a meaning. Many facts have no meaning at all, as far as we can really discover; but the human intellect (which is divine) always adds a meaning to the fact which it hears. If we hear that Robinson has bought a new fire-screen, we always *wish* to be able to say, "How like Robinson!" If we hear nothing else at all but this, that a man in Worthing has a cat, our souls make a dark, unconscious effort to find some connection between the spirit of Worthing and the love of domestic animals, between the night-songs of the feline and the sound of the sea at night. So when some dull and respectable Blue-Book or dictionary tells us some dull and respectable piece of statistics, as that the number of homicidal archdeacons is twice that of homicidal deans, or that five thousand babies eat soap in Battersea and only four thousand in Chelsea, it is almost impossible to avoid making some unconscious deduction from the facts, or at least making the facts mean something; thinking dreamily for a moment of deep, insoluble things, such as Battersea or the moral state of archdeacons. It is psychologically impossible, in short, when we hear real scientific statistics, not to think that they mean something. Generally they mean nothing. Sometimes they mean something that isn't true.

Let me take an imaginary but quite ordinary and straightforward example of the way that, as I think, the thing occurs. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that you and I live in a respectable street. At No. 1, let us say, live the Pilkingtons. Well, we all know Pilkington, poor old chap. He is a man who seems to be constitutionally incapable of doing any work at all. He would lie in bed all day if it were not that his wife is a fiery and somewhat despotic person; and even she only manages to get him to start breakfast about eleven. At No. 2 are the Vernon-Spachcocks, who, as we all know, live the Simple Life, and cannot keep their servants. They have planned out their day with an awful punctuality

for a pure ideal of hygiene. Every morning at about four o'clock they start for a long walk to Hampstead or some objectionably healthy place, and are back by eleven precisely, where they partake of their first meal, a little fruit and some milk or some such muck. At No. 3 is my friend Miggs, who has a clean Christian breakfast at a clean Christian hour. At No. 4 is Major Macnab, whose wife is such an invalid, and he is so chivalrous a husband that, however hungry he may be, he always keeps breakfast waiting until she is able to appear, which is generally about eleven. At Nos. 5 and 6 are two dull sane people having breakfast at nine and ten respectively. At No. 7 is no less a person than the illustrious Hinks; and as you have all learned from innumerable illustrated interviews, Hinks finds he can work best in the fresh morning air; it is when the mists are melting and the sun baring his face of brass, that those quaint fancies and tender half-touches throng into his mind, with which he delights us all in "The Money-Lender" every week. Consequently, he finds it more convenient to write before breakfast, and, in the ecstasy of composition, commonly writes on until eleven, when he begins breakfast. At No. 8 is another ordinary lazy man, who gets up to an eleven o'clock breakfast, because he prefers it. At No. 9 lives the Hon. Galahad Græme, who gets up late for obvious reasons, and with a violent headache. At No. 10 are the Wimbles, who are mad on everything French, and take what they call a *déjeuner* at eleven exactly. At No. 11 lives a man named Pickles, who breakfasts at nine.

And now along this street comes the Collector of Statistics. He makes inquiries into the above conditions, and finds this mathematical and quite indisputable fact: that out of these eleven families a majority of no less than seven take their breakfasts at eleven o'clock. It is a fact undoubtedly. But that is all. It is not a significant fact. It is not a truth. It does not mean anything whatever. But the mischief of the matter is as I have said: the moment we have the fact we cannot help feeling as if it was something more than a fact. The Collector of Statistics writes a great book, or makes a solemn speech, in which he says lucidly and decisively, "In such and such a street no less than seven people out of eleven have breakfasts at eleven o'clock." And the mind of man (which I may remark is divine) instinctively adds a spiritual generalisation and comment. It says, "Lazy beasts." But this is quite mistaken and false. The people in the street I pictured are no lazier than anybody else. Hinks works like a man possessed of devils. The Vernon-Spachcocks do not eat at eleven because they are lazy, but because they are so unpleasantly strenuous. Major Macnab is occupied all day on his "History of the Mrs. Muggleton Relief Expedition." The street appears lazy in a book of facts; but is busy and fruitful in the book of life. Statistics never give the truth, because they never give the reasons. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons for doing anything; and if people have none of these reasons for doing it they do it without a reason.

Perhaps you think that this example of mine is wild or inapplicable because the Collector of Statistics does not as yet concern himself with what hour we select for breakfast. Do not be too confident on this point. Logic is essentially an insane thing, and we do not know what the scientific oppressors of mankind may be up to next. But it is strictly and literally true that the method described above is the method applied to many most important and tormenting moral problems of our day. For instance, it is the method applied to the problem of drink. This imaginary statistician said, "Seven men to four" breakfast at eleven; but forgot to ask why they breakfast at eleven. The real statistician says—"Seven men to four" (in some place or other) "take to drink"; but he does not ask why they take to drink. Taking to drink is a mere external act, like taking breakfast at eleven. Not only can two men take to drink for different reasons; they can take to drink for opposite reasons. Jones takes to drink because he is poor and has no other pleasure. Smith takes to drink because he is rich and has no other occupation. Brown takes to drink because he is prosaic and cannot enjoy anything else. Robinson takes to drink because he is poetical and can enjoy everything else, but thirsts for more enjoyment. Tomkins takes to drink because he is a bold man and anxious for experience. Jenkins takes to drink because he is a coward and afraid of pain. The habit of the modern statisticians is always to get hold of these external acts, which mean nothing, to cut them off from their psychological causes, which mean everything, and then to put them thus detached into the human mind (which has been well called divine), where they produce a wholly false impression. They say, "There were so many eleven-o'clock breakfasts in Tub Street," though these included some lazy breakfasts, some strenuous breakfasts, and some accidental breakfasts. They say, "So many men got drunk," though this included one happy bridegroom, two unhappy poets, and one dipsomaniac. They say, "So many men were hit in our street," but they conceal the reasons. And what on earth is the use of all that?

## THE TRIUMPH OF COUNT WITTE.

In times of great national excitement, when a country is in the throes of labour, and some new form of government is about to be born of its travail, it happens often that some great man forces his way to the most prominent position in the State, not so much by reason of the goodwill of its rulers as on account of gifts that are urgently needed and can no longer be overlooked. Monday, Oct. 30, according to our calendar, saw Russia's strongest man come to his own, and Count de Witte was made Premier of a people to whom a legislative *Duma*, an extended franchise, and a measure of civic freedom were granted by a few strokes of a great Autocrat's pen. Hitherto his road has been barred by obstacles innumerable. Grand Dukes, favourites, high-churchmen, powerful ladies with interests to further—one and all have stood against Sergius de Witte. He has been entrusted with important offices, notably the Presidency of the Committee of Ministers, one of the four boards of government of the Russian Empire, but it has been an open secret that he has seldom held the ear of his Imperial master, while his absence on any affair of State has been the signal for far-reaching intrigues against him.

Hitherto, the administration of the Russian Empire has belonged to the four great Councils. The Council of the State, established at the beginning of the nineteenth century and reorganised at the beginning of the twentieth, deals with Legislation, Civil and Church Administration, State's Economy and Industry, and Sciences and Commerce. This body has always been limited in its functions to the condition of a consultative institution. The second great Council is the Ruling Senate, which sits in St. Petersburg, and consists of Senators who are chosen for the greater part from the ranks of the aristocracy; it is presided over by the Minister of Justice. The third great Council is the Holy Synod, composed of the three Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Georgia, and certain Bishops who sit in rotation, the General Procurator being, of course, the notorious reactionary Pobiedonosteff, whose resignation was announced on Wednesday. To the fourth Council or Committee of Ministers we have referred already.

During the past few years the work of these four Councils has tended inevitably towards centralisation. Problems affecting the Empire have come before each and all of them at the same time, until it has been exceedingly difficult to bring matters within any one sphere of responsibility. In the interests of the Empire at large, Count Witte, as President of the Committee of Ministers, has not hesitated to offend every Council in turn, and has aroused the antagonism of each and all. He is not orthodox enough for the Holy Synod, he is too independent for the Council of State and too radical for the Senate, while in the Committee of Ministers he has been regarded in the light of an intruder. Among the Grand Dukes and Princes who have been accustomed for so long to treat government as a game to be played for their personal profit and recreation, this serious, strenuous man, who is of comparatively humble birth, has always been regarded with suspicion. He has been accused of being anything but a patriot, because his ideas of government have been affected by what he has learned from more liberal countries, and consequently he cannot agree with the reactionaries that Russia is properly a law to herself. Had he been working with men whose eyes and ears were absolutely closed to progress in policy, or honesty in office, he might have been doomed to failure; but there have not been wanting members of the Council of Ministers who have been deeply moved from time to time by the grosser evils of grand-ducal maladministration. These men have always found Sergius de Witte of their mind. When Count Lamsdorf opposed the foolish policy that brought about the war with Japan, the President of the Council of Ministers was in full sympathy with him, and although they had not always seen eye to eye, they were friends for the nonce. The gang of unscrupulous financiers that sought to gain the Tsar's ear in exploiting the mineral wealth of Korea and Siberia, laboured hard to buy influence to bear against the man who warned the Tsar to have nothing to do with them. But while the statesman to whom Russia is entrusted at the moment worked in his own unpopular way for wide reforms and a more liberal Administration, he was so shrewd and nimble-minded that it was well-nigh impossible to dispense with his talents in the actual conduct of administrative affairs.

It was not long before his opposition to the war was seen to be fully justified, nor did the fears he had expressed concerning the possibility of maintaining the existing régime prove unfounded. Before the campaign ended, it was seen that facts had justified him, and then came the great test of the Portsmouth Conference. Never did General Nogi's troops set out on a more forlorn hope in the campaign against Port Arthur than that which took Sergius de Witte to Portsmouth. His country's forces were annihilated on the sea and grievously stricken on the land, the national treasury was seriously depleted, the preliminary rumblings of revolution were audible throughout the vast Empire of the Tsar, and he had to treat with a victorious foe, whose hands were strengthened by an alliance with this country. In addition to the difficulties that these conditions imposed upon him, the Russian Envoy knew that his position was being undermined at home, and that all his enemies in the State would find in his impending failure ample justification for a further attempt to bring about his ruin. Happily for Count Witte and for his country, it is characteristic of the man to face difficulties with an energy that increases in proportion to their magnitude, and, almost single-handed, he fought the battle of his broken-down master, and won back in the Council Chamber much that had been lost in the field. History will do justice to this most notable feat of diplomacy.

To-day, Count Witte has come into his kingdom, and the only fear that can exist in the mind of Russia's sympathisers is lest his coming should have been so long delayed that the remedial measures within the reach of the strongest man should be too late to cure the ills that have been wrought by others.







# THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETED BY THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON ON HIS WAY TO INDIA.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM SKETCHES BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



Queen.

Bulwark.

Suffolk.

Venerable.

Lancaster.

Irresistible.

Renown.

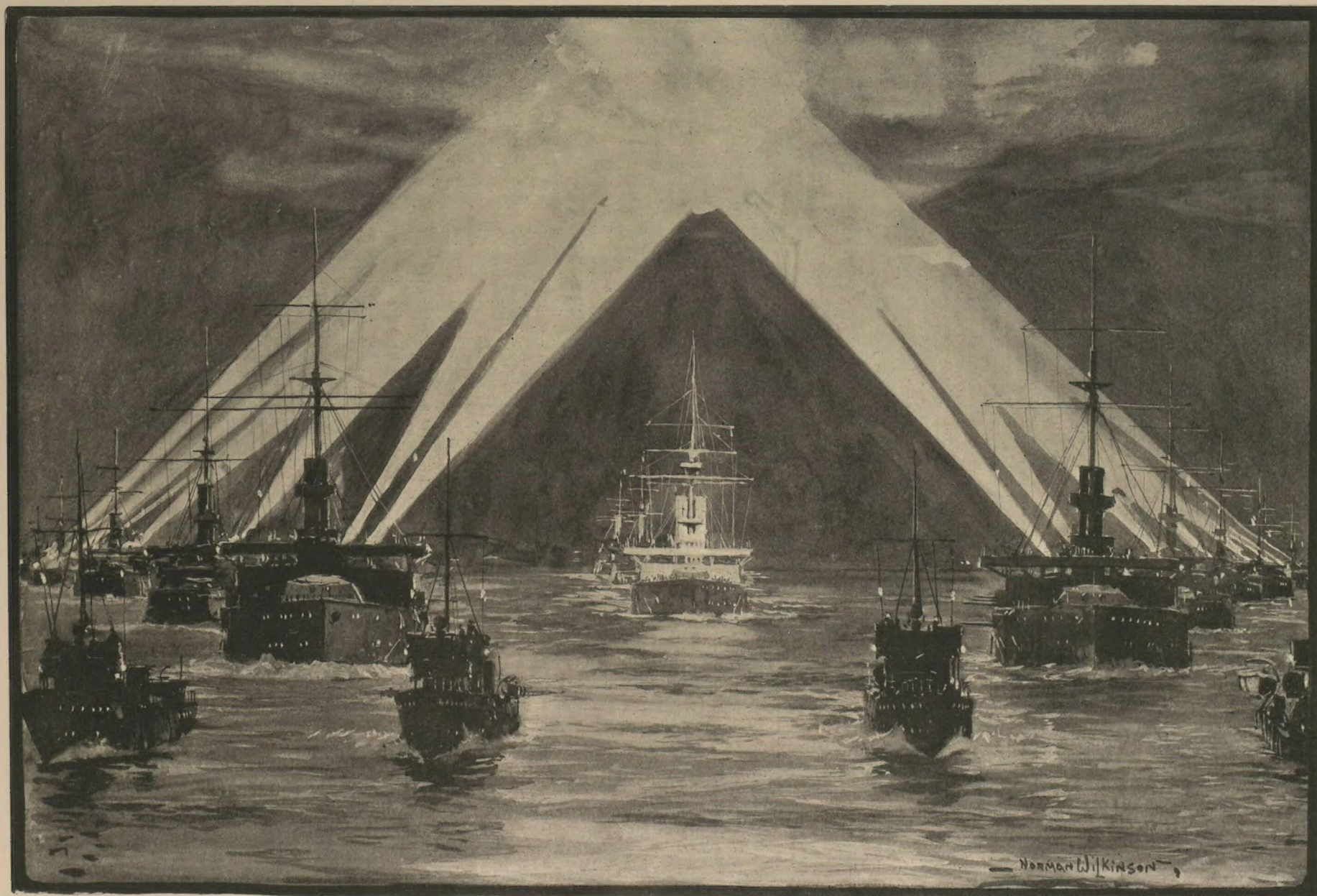
THE "PART COMPANY" SIGNAL: "GOOD-BYE, GOOD LUCK," IN ILLUMINATED LETTERS.

*The Mediterranean Fleet, under Lord Charles Beresford, met the "Renown" near the Straits of Messina. Before parting company the vessels were illuminated, and the Prince of Wales's ship, escorted by the "Lancaster" and "Suffolk," passed through the centre of the Fleet, which then formed in single line abreast. When the "Renown" was about half-a-mile away, the message, "Good-bye, Good Luck," appeared in huge electrically illuminated letters on the foremasts of the middle four battle-ships.*



A NAVAL SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY: THE PRINCE OF WALES PASSING UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET'S SEARCHLIGHTS.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



THE PRINCE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S SQUADRON GREET'S THE "RENOWN."

*As the "Renown" passed through the Mediterranean Squadron, near the Straits of Messina, lights were burned, rockets were sent up, and there was a weirdly magnificent display of red fire. Searchlights were then turned to meet each other in the sky, and the "Renown" passed through the arch thus formed, as in the sword-figure of "Sir Roger de Coverley."*



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE KING IN EPPING FOREST.

The King is using his motor in order to see some of the more picturesque parts of his dominions, and his Epping Forest tour was something of a new departure. On Oct. 30 his Majesty left London and motored to Bishop's Hall, the residence of Colonel Lockwood, M.P. The King drove by way of Constitution Hill, Hyde Park, Wigmore Street, Harley Street, Regent's Park, Seven Sisters Road, Tottenham Bridge, Chigwell and Lambourne, to Colonel Lockwood's house. The day was devoted to shooting, and although at first the birds failed to rise owing to the heavy rain of the early morning, sunshine in the afternoon brought better sport, and the day's bag was between 800 and 900 birds. The King himself shot the only woodcock that fell to the guns during the day. On Tuesday the King continued his tour, visiting the most interesting parts of Epping Forest, including High Beech, and the quaint towns of Epping and Bishops Stortford. The King's destination was Newmarket, where he remained for the races until Nov. 3.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR  
WILLIAM BUTLER,  
RETIRED.

as a social perhaps rather than a religious favour. Where the King led the way the country has not been slow to follow. General Booth, in fact, has become the fashion, and on Oct. 26 the City formally recognised his services to the nation by admitting him a freeman of London. The ceremony was in many ways a welcome departure from the somewhat stiff routine of civic ritual. Although General Booth has become the fashion, the gathering at Guildhall was less fashionable than is usual on these occasions, and was very largely composed of members of the Salvation Army. In the gallery, too, was one of the Army's bands discoursing hymns. The General was escorted to the hall by a thousand officers carrying the banners of the corps, and on his entry he was received with a certain subdued enthusiasm, in accordance with the moment. He took his place beside the Lord Mayor on the dais, and thereupon the Town Clerk read the Order of the Court, directing the presentation of the Freedom. Thereafter the Clerk to the Chamberlain read the declaration of the purgators that the Rev. William Booth did not desire to defraud the King by becoming a citizen of London, but would pay his scot and bear his lot. The Chamberlain, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, then addressed General Booth, reviewing his work since the inception of the Salvation Army. The citizens of London were proud, he said, to offer the General the right hand of fellowship, and to receive into their body one whose aim had been the rescue of the hopeless and the elevation of humanity. The General said he accepted the honours as an encouragement, and he hoped that the years that might remain to him would be fuller of work than those that had gone before.



Photo, Russell.  
THE LATE MR. RUDOLF  
LEHMANN,  
ARTIST AND MAN OF LETTERS.

On Friday last, Mr. Rudolf Lehmann passed away in his eighty-sixth year. A native of Germany, educated in Paris and Rome, he lived in England nearly sixty years, and made this country his home. From the outset of his stay here he was very popular as a portrait-painter, and his portrait of Viscountess Enfield in the Academy of 1874 brought his work into great demand. Among the many interesting people who sat to him were the late Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. Robert Browning, Mrs. George Lewis, and Sir Andrew Clark; and among the literary men and women and artists whose portraits he has painted one can recall Wilkie Collins, James Payn, Lord Tennyson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Bret Harte, Charles Dickens, Sir John Millais, and Mr. G. H. Lewes. He was author of the interesting publication, "An Artist's Reminiscences," and, as he had highly developed social instincts, a fund of anecdote, a genial presence, and great natural kindness, he was exceedingly popular and will be missed by many with whom he had no more than a passing acquaintance.

The election at Hampstead caused by the retirement of Mr. T. Milvain, K.C., resulted last week in the return of the Unionist candidate, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, who came in with a majority of 422 votes. Mr. Fletcher was born in 1841, and was educated at Harrow and Christ Church. In 1868 he was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn. An active worker, first on the Hampstead Vestry and later on the Hampstead Board of Guardians, he was chairman

of the latter body from 1880 to 1898. An original member of the London County Council, he retired from service there in 1904. He lives to-day at Virginia Water, in Surrey, but continues to take the keenest interest in Hampstead's progress. A Justice of the Peace for the counties of Middlesex and London, Mr. Fletcher holds many offices, and is a hard worker in service. In spite of his popularity in the Unionist falls from hundred to a great party.



HIS HIGHNESS ALI PASHA,  
NEW SHEREEF OF MECCA.

The new Mecca, his Ali Pasha, succeeded to vacated by his uncle, which occurred last July. On another page we illustrate the wonderful gardens of the Shereef's official residence.

Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler on Oct. 31 completed his sixty-seventh year and passed automatically to the retired list. The country has thus lost the services of one of its most accomplished soldiers, a man who, with unrivalled knowledge of South Africa, had yet by the decree of Pall Mall to remain inactive during the late war. Sir William Butler is distinguished for his fearless expression of opinion, the classical example of which was his memorable report on the War Stores Inquiry. He served in South Africa in 1875, 1879-80, and in 1899, until recalled at the outbreak of hostilities, was Commander in Cape Colony. He is the biographer of Colley of Majuba, and the historian of the first Ashanti Campaign.

The Venerable Lucius Frederick Moses Bottomley Smith, Archdeacon of Ripon, who has been appointed to be Bishop-Suffragan of Knaresborough, in the diocese of Ripon, was educated at Harrow and at Balliol, and among his appointments have been the vicarage of Macclesfield, the curacy of St. Thomas, Toxteth Park,



Photo, Russell.  
THE VEN. ARCHDEACON SMITH,  
NEW BISHOP-SUFFRAGAN  
OF KNARESBOROUGH.



Photo, Topical.  
MR. J. S. FLETCHER,  
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT  
FOR HAMPESTEAD.



Photo, Ferrard.  
COLONEL LOCKWOOD, M.P.,  
THE KING'S HOST AT  
BISHOP'S HALL.

Liverpool, of St. Margaret's, Ilkley, of Richmond, the vicarage of Easby with Brompton-on-Swale, and the vicarage of Calverley.

Colonel Lockwood, the King's host at Bishop's Hall, has been Member of Parliament in the Conservative interest for the Epping division of Essex since 1892. He was born in 1847, was educated at Eton, served in the Coldstream Guards from 1866 till 1883, and has been Provincial Grand Master of the Essex Freemasons.

Sir Edwin Cornwall, Chairman of the L.C.C., who has received the honour of knighthood from the King in commemoration of the opening of Kingsway and Aldwych, has worked in the public interests of London for nearly twenty years. His earliest service was done in Fulham, and his reward came in 1900, when he was made first Mayor of the borough. He joined the London County Council when that useful body was about three years old, and his organising talents were so clearly in evidence that he became in a little time the Chief Whip of the Progressive Party. In turn he has been Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, and the Asylums, General Purposes, Rivers, Day Schools, and Main Drainage Committees, and the work that his duties have involved can be realised by those who have served on the Council. It is that the of London by the Chair-Country that of the Mr Samuel once extenuated and ted even by opponents nently honour that conferred



Photo, Haines.  
SIR E. A. CORNWALL,  
CHAIRMAN, LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL,  
NEW KNIGHT.

The Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Ralph Copeland, died at Edinburgh on Oct. 27. He was born in 1837 near Woodplumpton, in Lancashire. He received his earliest education from a handloom weaver, and then went to the Grammar School at Kirkham. Thereafter he went to Australia, and while working on a sheep-run at the foot of the Australian Alps he began his astronomical studies, his only instrument being a small but very good telescope. In 1865 he went to Göttingen

to prosecute the serious study of astronomy. In 1867 he became a volunteer assistant at the Observatory there, and together with Professor Carl Börgen he compiled the first Göttingen Catalogue of Stars. In that year he took the degree of Ph. D., and shortly afterwards he joined the second German Arctic Expedition to Greenland. For his services there he was decorated with the Red Eagle. Several private appointments followed; he was with Lord Rosse at Birr Castle, and with Lord Lindsay at Dun Echt. He observed the two transits of Venus, the first from Mauritius, and the second from Jamaica; and immediately afterwards he went to the Andes, Peru, and Bolivia, where he made observations at an altitude of 15,000 feet. In 1889 he was appointed Astronomer Royal for Scotland and Professor of Astronomy in Edinburgh University, posts which he held until his death.

Major-General Sir Charles William Wilson, R.E., K.C.B., who died at Tunbridge Wells on Oct. 25, was born at Liverpool in 1836. He was educated for the Army, and entered the Royal Engineers as Second Candidate in the first open competition. He did a great deal of important surveying work, including the survey of Jerusalem and Palestine, the ordnance survey of Scotland and of Ireland. He served in various Consulates, was Consul-General in Anatolia from 1879 to 1882, and in 1882 was attached to Lord Dufferin's special mission to Egypt. Among his many offices were Vice-President of the Royal Geographical Society, Director-General of Military Education, and Director-General of the Ordnance Survey.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR CHARLES WILSON,  
SOLDIER, SURVEYOR, AND DIPLOMATIST.

THE BEGINNINGS OF FREEDOM. What may or may not be the beginning of a better day for Russia is the movement which has resulted in some yielding to the advice of Count Witte and the Liberals. The determined attitude of the people and the general paralysis of commerce brought about by the strike were factors too grave to be neglected even at Peterhof. The Government had but two alternatives. It could offer to the people only lead or liberty, and whatever may be the precise value of the much-vaunted concessions, it was certainly only the commonest worldly wisdom not to decide in favour of lead. But even this is in itself rather hopeful, for common worldly wisdom has not usually marked the dealings of the Russian autocracy with the proletariat. The Tsar has appointed Count Witte to be Prime Minister, and has set forth in a lengthy manifesto the scheme of the proposed reform. The preamble—there is always a preamble—draws attention to the great and painful sorrow which fills the Imperial heart by reason of the troubles and agitations in the capital and numerous other places. The sorrow of the people is the sorrow of the Sovereign, and therefore, in order to secure the pacification of public life, the Tsar directs the Government to carry out reforms on the lines of Count Witte's suggestions, viz., that the Government is to abstain from interference in the popular elections; in the exercise of the executive power there should be embodied these principles—straightforwardness and sincerity in the confirmation of civil liberty, a tendency to the abolition of exclusive laws, the co-ordination of activity of all the organs of Government, the avoidance of repressive measures in respect of proceedings which do not openly menace Society or the State, and resistance to acts that do so threaten Society or the State. The Tsar concludes by calling on all faithful sons of Russia to aid in bringing the present troubles to an end. It is too early to exult overmuch; but the concessions are, at any rate, a definite move towards Constitutional Government, and if the present elements of disorder are eliminated or pacified sufficiently to permit of the experiment being fairly tried, Count Witte may yet be able to lay the foundations of freedom.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE PROFESSOR  
R. COPELAND,  
ASTRONOMER ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.

THE OUTLOOK IN MOROCCO. As was generally anticipated by all well-informed people, the release of the British officers captured by "El Moro Valiente" was effected with very little difficulty. The whole incident serves to put in a stronger light the complete failure of the Moorish Government, and it confirms the suggestion made in these columns that Tangier will not serve for the place of Conference. At the same time it cannot be too well understood that little outrages of the kind, that arouse a sensation in England from time to time, are easily exaggerated. It would be better far for the Powers of Europe to strengthen the Sultan and let him reduce his turbulent tribes to submission, than to introduce Europeans, who, knowing nothing of the susceptibilities



of the people, offend them at every turn. If a company of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, chosen from the forces of the European Powers that will be represented at Algeciras, could be sent to Fez to spend a few months drilling the Sultan's troops, Mulai Abdel Aziz could not only reduce the country as so many of his forbears have done in times past, but could reassert his moral authority, and that would make the further task of the Powers a comparatively simple one.

ANGLO- RUSSIAN "ENTENTE." The best news that comes from Russia in these troubled times is not concerned with the Revolution. It is to the effect that Sir Charles Hardinge is negotiating with Count Lamsdorff the terms of an Anglo-Russian understanding. There has been a steady movement to this end in both countries for years past, but it was checked by the policy of adventure undertaken by the Russian Government at the bidding of certain Grand Dukes and their discredited friend, M. Bezobrazoff. Now that the Indian frontier is guarded by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Russian Pacific fleet has no existence outside the Japanese Navy List, the path is clear for an understanding. The *Entente* has been advocated in St. Petersburg by the representative of France, and opposed, not unnaturally, by the German Ambassador, who, in consequence of his ill-success, has been withdrawn from his post. In considering the possible effects of an Anglo-Russian agreement, it is necessary to remember that the condition of South-eastern Europe has changed considerably in the past few years. Lord Salisbury declared that in holding the Russian back from Constantinople we "had put our money on the wrong horse," and another great statesman has declared that we should not to-day



1. COURAGE. 2. ASPIRATION. 3. BROTHERHOOD. 4. EDUCATION.

THE GLADSTONE MEMORIAL IN THE STRAND: THE SYMBOLICAL FIGURES ROUND THE PEDESTAL.  
The Gladstone memorial, sculptured by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., has been erected in front of St. Clement Danes Church. The unveiling ceremony was fixed for November 4.

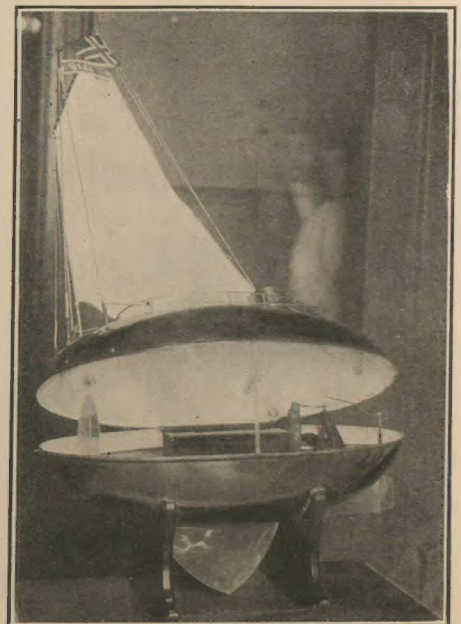
risk a single war-ship for the same purpose. It may well be, under these circumstances, that Great Britain will pay in Europe a fair price for an understanding with Russia, and that the Mediterranean problem will enter a new phase. Sir Charles Hardinge, our Ambassador to Russia, is now in London, and would have been here some days ago but for the strike on the Russian railway system.

THE BRITISH SCIENCE GUILD. On Monday last the first meeting of the British Science Guild was held at the Mansion House, and Mr. Haldane was elected President. Very many men of eminence were present, and listened with interest to the report presented by Sir Norman Lockyer, Chairman of the Organising Committee. Other speakers included the Bishop of Ripon and Lord Strathcona, who proposed and seconded Mr. Haldane for the Presidency, Sir William Mather, Mr. Haldane, Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, and Sir John Wolfe Barry. The object of the new association is to bring home to Britons the necessity for applying the methods of science to all branches of human activity, the promotion of the application of science to industrial and general purposes, and the work of pressing upon the Government the scientific aspect of all questions of national concern. The field to be covered is a very wide one; the work that must be done is the more delicate because we are a conservative people; but, as was evident from the tone of the speeches delivered on Monday, the example set by Japan in the last two years will be considered as sufficient justification for the work that the British Science Guild has undertaken. It will be admitted on all sides that the field of work lying before Mr. Haldane and his coadjutors is well-nigh boundless.



THE SHERIFFS' QUIT RENTS: A QUAIN ANNUAL CEREMONY AT THE LAW COURTS, DATING FROM THE TIME OF KING JOHN.

Every year the Sheriffs of London attend at the Law Courts and pay over two bundles of faggots and six horse-shoes and sixty-one nails. The faggots are split, the nails are solemnly tested, and receipts are given. This year's ceremony took place on October 27.



A NEW LIFE-SAVING BOAT: THE INTERIOR.

The boat, which has been invented by Captain Ole Brude, is intended to live in any sea. It would be carried on board ship, and shipwrecked sailors would shut themselves up in it and trust to its buoyancy for safety. The latest model is egg-shaped, and opens like the valves of a shell.



THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO MR. GLADSTONE: THE LONDON STATUE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SPFFINGS WRIGHT.



THE GLADSTONE STATUE IN THE STRAND, UNVEILED NOVEMBER 4.

The statue erected in front of St. Clement Domes Church in the Strand is only one part of the national memorial to Mr. Gladstone. St. Deiniol's Library at Hawarden, and statues in Edinburgh and Dublin form other parts of the same scheme. The colossal bronze statue is by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., and represents Mr. Gladstone in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer. At the base are four allegorical groups representing Brotherhood, Education, Aspiration, and Courage. On bronze panels between the groups are decorated escutcheons bearing the arms of some of the counties and boroughs which Mr. Gladstone represented in Parliament. The pedestal is of Portland stone, and is designed in the Renaissance style. In the architectural details Mr. Thornycroft had the assistance of Mr. John Lee, A.R.I.B.A.



## TWO IN A TWILIGHT OF TREES.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

MORNING on the Rabenecke rampart, in summer air, was a time for serene survey of fellow-visitors—apt to be born again, as it were, since the intimacy of good-nights; a season of fast broken hopefully, in an agreeable adjustment of the body to the affairs of a new day. The forest green soothed the eye; the clear breeze sweetened the palate; and the attention of Mine Host and his staff was all that the most petulant breakfaster, soured by warlike uprisings in the hotels of a continent, could demand.

A mature woman sat at one of the little round tables on a certain fine morning, alone, a little apart from the mothers of daughters, and fathers with fledgling sons, and not at all discomposed by her isolation. A guess at her age and antecedents would have been hazardous; what was displayed was that she had good looks, and the intelligence to make the most of them. Perhaps she made a little too much of them; perhaps her amber-coloured hair should have been more meekly dressed, her cheek less artistically coloured, her bright eyes milder in their method. The fathers and mothers may have thought so; the lady herself, with the creak of silks and wink of diamonds accompanying attack upon each mouthful, ate her rolls palpably unassailed by misgivings. She was not courting attention here; but it was not in her mind to neutralise the charms with which both art and nature had endowed her.

She excited vague alarms upstairs in the bosoms of matrons, but below—a fact that would have disposed of her impersonal attitude in a flash if she had known it—she was being overhauled with a more concise understanding. But then it was impossible for Madame la Baronne de Lavan to guess that Rabenecke contained at least two individuals fresh from those high hunting-grounds for which she reserved her prime plans and strategies.

Prince Hugo was leaning on his desk. When he moved, it was merely to nibble the end of a pen, although the cell-like office, full of bills and ledgers, seemed to cry aloud for furious application. However, Count Willy lounged in the doorway, as stalwart a bar to business, ruddy, easy, and shirt-sleeved, as ever strolled out of stable-yard. His breeches, and complexion, and belted undress made up the typical coachman so successfully that Hugo the Host, as they lamented mutually, looked a perfect gentleman beside him.

"—and so I drove her in circles round Wildau," Willy was saying. "She has the mind of the Evil One. I'm sure, and she carries it with the impudence of a Duchess. In the end we found the pine ridge from which you look down on the chimneys, which is the nearest approach to the house that I know of. 'Who lives there?' said she. (As if she didn't know!) 'Prince Stefan, brother to the King of Donnerstein,' said I. 'Ah!' she said, and looked and looked. Wildau has a tempting appearance from up there; I'll swear she smacked her lips. 'A widower, I believe?' 'Yes, Madame, living in strict retirement since his Royal wife's decease.' 'How sad!' By-and-by she told me to drive to the nearest post office, and there she popped a package in the box, and it was

addressed to the Prince—no less. A flat thing. . . I guessed a photograph. It looks, you'll admit, Sir, like the opening of a campaign."

Hugo laughed, and then checked himself, as if this were no light matter; which, indeed, when he reflected upon the idiosyncrasies of his Uncle Stefan, it was not.

"Photographs and *billet-doux* won't lure a shy bird out of his cage. She might know that. If she encounters him, it is possible he may be clay in the hands of the potter. He is in the remarrying mood; and all the world knows it since he made that speech about

"I wonder where the late Baron de Lavan picked her up?" he said. "She could certainly look more respectable; but she has been clever enough to keep clear of actual scandal. Perhaps his Royal Highness might do worse: it must be deuced dull in the Wildau hunting-box."

Hugo laid the pen down. For the second he was something more than the landlord of Rabenecke, or than an exiled scapegrace braving the winds of adversity; and instinctively Willy stiffened himself, a courtier in the presence again.

"The Donnerstein, Princes must not be permitted to marry adventuresses," he said, low and very stern.

Then he dropped his exalted tone, clapped a hand to Rotheim's shoulder, twinkled at him, and pushed him, not too gently, through the door.

"Get to your work, you confounded gossip!" he said. "We shall see what we shall see with this woman. I see present need for care and patience; a cat wants handling when she is after the canary. Come! I, Hugo, pit my obscurity against her. Who wins, Willy?"

"That's for Prince Stefan to say; and he don't approve of wagers," Willy said. He pulled a forelock gravely, and went away.

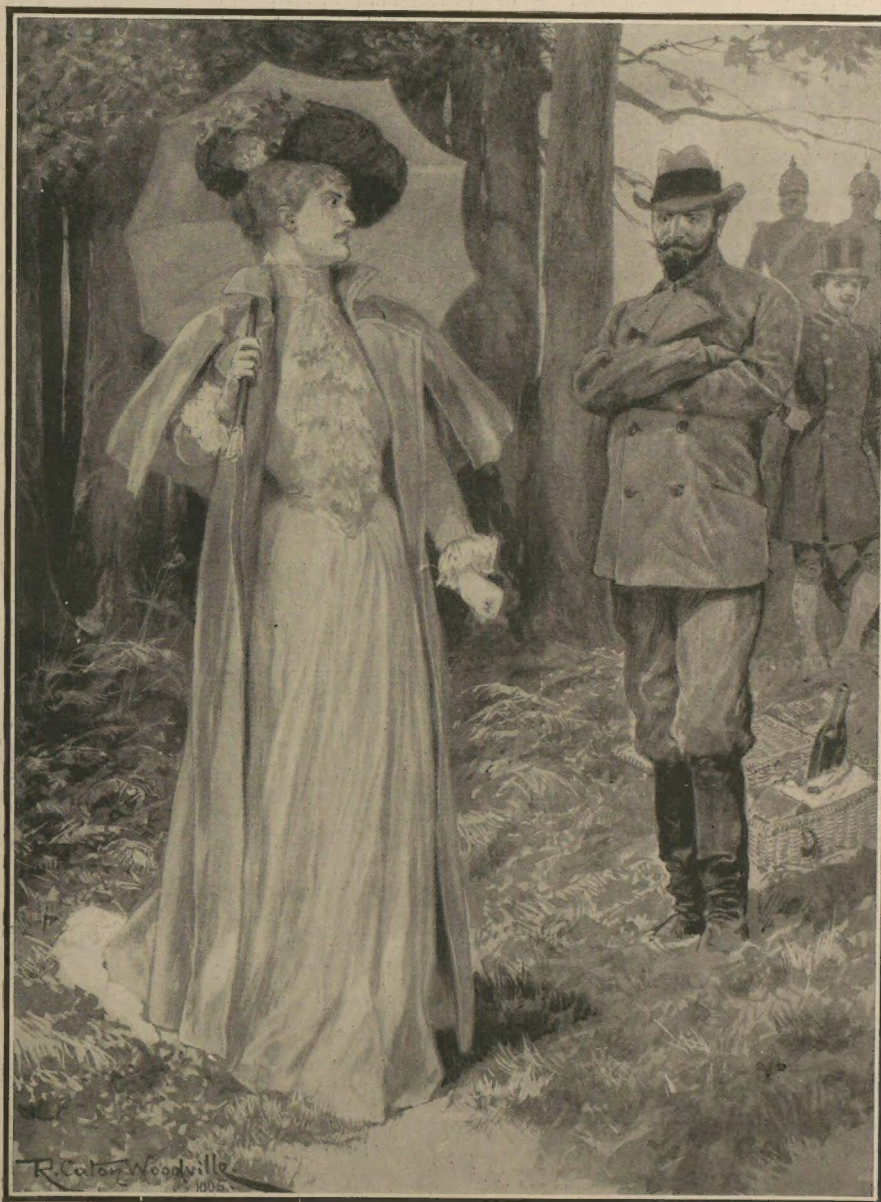
Left alone, Hugo plunged into his labours, running fingers through his new-grown beard as the devil's dance of book-keeping tormented him. He was still at it when a rustle crossed the courtyard, and approached the cell. He glanced quickly at a small hanging mirror, met his own brown eyes, and, taking fright at their familiarity, dimmed them with smoked glasses snatched from a shelf. He peered through the disguise, and Madame de Lavan, skirts sweeping, and accent imperious, occupied the doorway.

"This driving in the forest," said she, speaking German with a Parisian accent, "pleases me immensely. Please to arrange, landlord, that I have a carriage reserved daily until further notice, and to instruct your people to pack my luncheon in it."

"Precisely, Madame. It shall be done as your Excellency desires." He stood bowing at her exit, and he watched her retrogression and put his hand to his mouth in a school-boy glee at the absurdity of their mutual relations. Where, indeed, had de Lavan picked her up? The opera chorus was one of the most seemly places of public conjecture. Yet she had found her way to Courts, and she made quite a colourable imitation of the fine lady who is above the little condescensions, and whose effrontery has its values in the social machine.

He smoothed out his features, and went to pass instructions on to the stable. He regretted having to withdraw his head coachman from general business, for no one could beguile passengers into the Rabenecke coach as Willy could, or tool a team down the hilly roads; but there was that affair of a Royal honour, a family pride, to set before convenience.

Willy zu Rotheim, for his part, took it all in the day's work. For the next five days he meandered with his charge, whose yawns, in spite of the luncheon-basket and a shrill approval of natural beauties, were audible on the box-seat, up and down the glades of the forest. They met nobody but a few foresters and



*She recoiled, with a savage ejaculation.*

Kuno of Bomaria's morganatic marriage. It is a perilous position for a decorous, not-too-strong-witted elderly gentleman, and deep retirement in the forests doesn't minimise the danger from the enterprising de Lavans of this wicked world. . . . Willy, I suspect the woman has the impertinence to believe she may be able to marry him."

"Of course, she can't." "I am not so sure," Hugo said thoughtfully. "The King has perverse ideas about the validity of irregular marriages. His autocracy crops out in the wrong place sometimes."

Willy mused.



gypsies; and they perambulated, as he had described before, in circles never very wide from the Wildau gateways. The postbag had brought no answer to the mysterious package; neither, it seemed, were the walls of the Prince's shooting-box, let them march about them as often as the lady pleased, inclined to follow the precedent of Jericho.

A Parisienne, with her beautiful Paris clothes bedecking her, made quite a piteous spectacle in a wilderness so savage that its chief inhabitants, who were, to be sure, merely the red deer, bounded from her equipage. There was relief, accordingly, in the wink with which, as they rattled over the drawbridge on the sixth morning of his engagement, Willy turned to salute Mine Host, who was checking wine-barrels at the cellar door. The wink was at once reassuring and confident; and Hugo received it with the solemnity of an archbishop. They had threshed out Madame de Lavan's project very thoroughly that morning, when they had perceived a risky checkmate within the possibility of the day's moves, and he, the counter-plotter, the secret player, was sitting back from the board now while Willy placed the pieces.

Hitherto they had gone whithersoever the Baronne's restless scheming had directed, but to-day, because of all that lay behind a wink she had never even suspected, it was essential that she should be led where it pleased them that she should go. Therefore, when the solitudes were reached, the coachman twisted himself on the box, touched his cap respectfully, and said—

"They do say his Royal Highness down yonder is going to open the museum at Schlipplucke this afternoon. If Excellency permitted, I could drive her into the little road he would have to take out of Wildau, to see him pass. There is no other way. Maybe, though, that Madame won't care to be disturbed."

He leaned over the cushions, and squinted down at her; and he heard her silken bodice squeak, and saw her redundant laces rise and fall.

"Oh, well—," the Frenchwoman said, after the pause her sigh of attainment had filled. "For this once, perhaps, I think I should like to see a human face. Does the Prince go in state?"

"Herr Jé, no, Madame! Schlipplucke is the size of a mouse-trap, and he plays at being its good father. A gendarme or two, no more."

He gathered the reins and turned his back. He heard the jingle of bracelets behind him: the Baronne was patting her amber locks, and he guessed at play of a powder-puff. The cushions when they drew up at the side of a narrow, sandy forest track an hour later, confirmed his suspicion.

He had his own ripe curiosity to know how in the world a woman, unless she tripped him up with a bit of string, could waylay a live Prince even on this solitary thoroughfare. It looked an awkward job; but then Madame de Lavan, who had been Heaven knew who, had tackled awkward jobs before, and he knew her audacity must be prodigious when she chose to unmask it. He drew the carriage back over the bark litter, and arranged a rug for her on a coign of vantage. The road—the forest "ride"—cut arrow-wise through larch and fir and beechwood, majestic in its narrow simplicity, clean-swept by Nature, scented with the pine savour. Madame left him handling nosebags; and, with a great assumption of artlessness, raised a scarlet parasol and strolled into the open way.

An hour passed, and the hot sun flickered through the leaves at them, the Baronne flitted back—once, twice—and refreshed herself with *foie gras* sandwiches, and nibbled a roll. It was past luncheon-time; but she did not refresh herself with more substantial food. The sunshade flared to and fro, always upon the sandy alley. Once its owner came over to the coachman, who had become part of an unobtrusive background, and she questioned him, not without impatience.

"This Prince Stefan. . . . He isn't—he has little presence, has he?"

"As much as many," Rotheim said, blinking at her like an owl.

"I mean he is middle-aged . . . ordinary . . . not a handsome man?"

"No more than most," Willy said; and with that she sailed away again, muttering something uncomplimentary to the rural brains. She became a gaudy speck, scarlet-crowned, in the sunny aisle: he sat on a stump, his feet in the bracken, observing her. He had an inward vision of Prince Stefan, and he chuckled softly as it passed before him.

It was later again when the beat of hoofs broke upon them.

"What is that?"

Rotheim scrambled to her side. He had not been a cavalryman for nothing: he turned scout's eyes upon the green perspective.

"I see two gendarmes," he said. "I see a man riding between them. So."

"It must be his Royal Highness," the Baronne said, shaking the sand from her skirts. "Tell me quickly—quickly—if it is."

"Who else should it be?" Willy queried gruffly.

"Is it the Prince?" the woman cried, snatching at his sleeve.

"Who else would have an escort? Let me go, Madame; exalted folk don't like too many eyes."

"Eh—oh! Yes, go!" She pushed him aside, and saw him whip his cap from his head and stride backwards into the half-light. "Yes, go; the further the better . . . fool!"

She had no longer room for indecision; the little cavalcade was coming on, and her doubts whirled away before it like dry leaves, because this slow, ordered procession could mean one person only. The coachman, with a discretion she had no leisure to comment upon, was effaced. Madame swam into the road, her parasol lowered, and so advanced upon the foremost horseman, and started, and let her brilliant eyes discover him.

He was a firm-seated man, quietly dressed in grey clothes and an Alpine hat with a dark band on it. He had a round black beard, which no portrait recalled to her memory, and he looked well preserved for the years the Almanach gave him. He had, however, the

politeness of princes; and he raised his head and bowed profoundly at their encounter.

"Pardon! In my abstraction I seem to have obstructed you," the lady said. Then she smiled, openly conscious of the use of smiles. "You see, I am alone here, and I did not dream of being in anybody's way."

He still held his hat in his hand. She possessed the middle of the path, she and her smile. While he looked, it took a meaning on it, an alluring bid for time and parley.

"Surely I have met you before?" she queried.

The man's face reddened.

"I think not, Madame."

One of the gendarmes jingled his bridle. It seemed to be a hint for advance, but he ignored it.

"I know your face perfectly, I am certain!" Madame said, storming the position. "Come, we must have been together before. In Paris, perhaps."

The other gendarme jingled his bridle.

"In Paris, perhaps," the man with the black beard repeated slowly, unmoving. He nodded over it, and then he shook his head.

"Ah, you won't say!" She lifted a light finger to him. "Very well: I suppose that is my punishment for not being able to put a name to you. But fancy running across an old acquaintance, even a nameless one, in this desert! Where in the world are you off to? I know there is no society here, and to my cost."

Her impudence, which was perhaps the only weapon that she could have used to any purpose then, appeared to petrify the man. She had stopped him, and anyone but a fool could see it was no accident. Now she beguiled him, with play of eyes and hands, and all the primitive machinery. He did not seem to know what to make of it; but he laid the reins on his horse's neck and met these open advances with sufficient intelligence.

"I—" he looked from one side to the other, and he reddened again. "I was going to Schlipplucke; but there's no hurry." A gendarme coughed. "Himmelsperment, I say, there is no hurry!" he repeated more loudly, and his bass voice rumbled into the forest.

"In that case," Madame de Lavan said very sweetly, strong in her part of the lovely woman who does not know denial, "stop and talk to me. . . . Oh, if I could only put the name to you! Where have we met? How?" Her eyes sparkled up and down him; and it was not to find an answer to her questions. "You tantalise me. Indeed"—she tittered—"you make me feel sadly afraid I am committing an indiscretion. Have we met at all, or do I—? But, no, I never forget a face, and yours is very strangely clear to me."

He gave an answer entirely to her satisfaction, though the trick of awkward blushing seemed to catch him again. He laid the reins down and prepared to dismount.

"I don't see that it matters if we've met before or not," he said brusquely, and he swung leg over saddle. "Here providence and your gracious favour permit us to meet again, that's sure. This is the hour: I seize upon it."

He stood in the sunlight beside her, certainly a well-favoured person, burly even, with little of the obtuse pomposity her fears had anticipated. The Baronne was grateful for so much unexpected mercy; but she was also puzzled, and cast about her for means of enlightenment.

"How well you look! And you've grown a beard!"

"Have I?"

"Yes, of course. That must be since . . . ?"

" . . . Since?"

She clapped her hands, and trilled with laughter.

"I believe you know quite well, and you won't say! You are teasing me, and that is all about it. I'm the Baronne, you know. You don't forget *that*? Now, come, haven't I seen you in some official capacity?"

"God forbid!" said the man, with a startling earnestness. For a moment he bent angry brows upon her, and moved back towards his horse again. Nothing, as a matter of fact, could have pleased her better than this fury at her pretended dance about his identity; it satisfied the vague distrust that had shadowed the vigorosity of his first attack.

"Don't be cross," she said coaxingly. "If you don't want to tell, I'll give up guessing. Come and have lunch instead, and we'll see if we can't find some mutual acquaintances to pick holes in. I have been eating sandwiches under trees, my own rest cure, *such* a treat after the society racket. I love the forest; I believe I could be happy for ever in it."

Willy was conceding that, as the artless irrepressible had to be played, she was doing it with really uncommon dexterity, when one of the policemen stepped forward. He spoke with none of the respect men usually give to princes, and Madame de Lavan raised astounded eyebrows at him. He even plucked at her victim's coat; but the big man, with a swing of the arm, sent him reeling.

"Let me be, I tell you!"

"You are due in Schlipplucke at three," the policeman grumbled sulkily.

"Well, if I am? What the deuce has that to do with you? Would you like to take on my office, hey? They'll wait for me; begad, they *shall* wait my pleasure. Let them see how they can do without me. They would promote you to my shoes, perhaps."

The Baroness took it for a flight of royal sarcasm, and was satisfied to see how the gendarme shrank back, silenced and visibly crushed, to the horses' heads. She tripped up to her rug, smiling gaily, the ruffled man at her heels. After all, for her it was all quite easy, if you had only pluck, and the sense to carry the thing with a high hand. Nevertheless, sheer impertinence, though it might make an entry, was not like to sustain the assault for long. She dropped into a more demure, more polished manner, as she spread the napkin and slipped the golden cup from her flask.

The unknown sat down at her bidding—sat down, as Willy observed, with a defiant side-glance, and a quick jerk of his head, as of a man who takes what fortune sends him, however little he may feel he merits it. He was clearly a rough-and-tumble philosopher, and by no means a thin-skinned person. The Count zu Rotheim himself was rubbing his hands over and

over, crouching there unnoticed. For him, too, the affair was proceeding with a smoothness he had hoped for, but hardly dared to believe in. He feasted upon the *tête-à-tête* under the roadside tree, and he laid all the details of it in his mind for the ensuing delectation of Prince Hugo.

The Baronne, meanwhile, found preliminary matters advancing with great rapidity. The man she had captured shied openly at mention of Courts; she believed she knew why, but he was more amenable to a less personal subject. Madame, who had the true Parisienne's belief in St. Germain or Fontainebleau as being the utmost flight permissible to a civilised being, set herself to expatiate upon her love of umbrageous solitudes, her hunger for nature, her deep, abiding love of forests—particularly mid-European forests. She left pauses for her companion to fill, and hung upon his words, knowing that a sympathetic listener is more persuasive than all the talkers in the world; but she did not get very much response out of a rather inarticulate individual, who looked, rather than uttered, his own common-places. She had expected this, for Prince Stefan's reputation for mediocrity was open enough; she consoled herself with the things she had not dreamed of, his pleasing appearance, his simplicity, his common manliness. He was big too . . . she eyed him under her dyed lashes, and for the first time for years her heart beat to an unforced sentiment. She adored big men; and the late Baron had been a wizened pigmy.

They picnicked cosily, while the escort, making the best of a bad job—how they had cringed, both of them, at their wordy whipping!—trailed the horses to shade and herbage. The Baronne toasted "Incognito" with a roguish smile, sipping delicately at the flask. If she were acting a part, at this juncture, it was one to her taste. And the black-bearded man, who was playing Tannhäuser to her Venus, clumsily perhaps, but still engaging upon it, sat staring at her, sipping too, a defiant, masculine admiration rousing in his eyes.

There was a sound in the distance, faint at first, but presently audible as wheels and the trot of horses. The Baronne stopped in the middle of a gay story, and her features sharpened.

"Somebody is coming," she said.

The man stumbled to his feet. He was semi-intoxicated, though not with liquor; but some remnant of conscience startled him awake. The two policemen hurried their horses over the road.

"It's a carriage! Go back—go back—into the shade there! You and I mustn't be seen together."

He was hoarse, and he tried to motion her into the shelter of the trees. Obscurity was not Madame de Lavan's object. She evaded him and stood her ground, mocking at his anxiety.

"Why should I go?" she said. "You know most people would be flattered to be seen with me."

"I'm thinking of you—you! Himmel! It has been a jest, but now the paying comes. Madame, I beg you—"

But she would not move. She stood up proudly, in the middle of their little picnic scene, close beside him, her head raised, her hand in intimacy on his arm as the carriage bore down upon them.

It was drawn by a pair, and it travelled quickly. As it came close she saw the policemen range themselves up with a word to each other, and click to the salute. She was electrically conscious that the man beside her was following her example; and her hand slid to her side, and her gaze fixed itself.

A grey, middle-aged, rather snuffy gentleman looked out of the victoria, goggling with inquisitive little eyes. They looked her full in the face and goggled furiously; they went from her to her companion and back again, with an outraged recognition in them. He did not even return the triple salute; but he leaned far out of his seat, and that petrifying, horrified stare of his transfixed them until his features were no longer visible.

"Who, by all the powers, was that?" gasped Madame, when she found her breath.

A gendarme, feverishly tightening girths, replied to her.

"Prince Stefan, to be sure, and we in all disorder! Come, I've had enough of it. An affair like this is enough to lose honest men their employment. If your Kert there thinks that because he is the State Executioner—"

"What?"

"Well, I say it, don't I?—the only executioner in the kingdom, that we can't get on without him—"

"It's a pariah's job to do in Schlipplucke this evening, but if he jibs at it, it may be there will be a prisoner ready to buy his freedom . . . even on such terms," the second gendarme said.

She recoiled with a savage ejaculation. She knew the mediæval obloquy that attached to the office of the man beside her; and knew, with a flash of horrible insight, that a pit had been dug, by some agency outside her knowledge, and that she was head-over in it.

"I'm sorry, I swear," said the man with the black beard, loutishly. "But . . . I was a decent member of society once, never mind when or where. And when you gave me the opportunity . . . invited me—"

"Don't—don't dare to speak to me!" said the Baronne de Lavan.

She turned towards Willy, and if looks could have killed, he would have dropped at her feet. She was pale under the rouge, and ugly with her thwarted schemes; the street girl, out of whom a rich man's money had made fine ladyhood, had come to her own again. Rotheim looked her straight between the eyes, and she slunk into the carriage.

"To the Castle!" she tossed at him. "Vite! I catch the train *de luxe* at the railway to-night. Pah! your Prince was frightful—hideous. You keep your good looks here, it seems, for outcasts and—the common hangman."

Yet she did not look at the imploring glances of the big black man, left standing among the wreckage of the feast. She lay back in the carriage, and caught her fine lace handkerchief between her teeth, and tattered it.



THE SEASON IN CAIRO: A MEETING OF EAST AND WEST.

DRAWN BY H. ARNOLD.



A VISITOR BESIEGED BY EGYPTIAN MERCHANTS AND BEGGARS OUTSIDE A CAFÉ IN CAIRO.

*The streets of Cairo, abounding with light and colour, and during the season one may often see such curious contrasts outside the cafés as that which our Artist has taken for his subject. Street merchants press around the tables offering their wares, and beggar-boys kneel before the European visitors clamouring for the eternal *baschashish*.*



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON HIS WAY TO INDIA FOR THE ROYAL VISIT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



1. THE P. AND O. PASSENGERS FIND "MORNING-PAPER TIME" RATHER A BLANK FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS OF THE VOYAGE.
2. NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY ARE AT A PREMIUM.

3. THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.
4. A SCHOOL OF FINNER WHALES, OR BLACK FISH, FOLLOW THE VESSEL IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.
5. THE BURLING LIGHTHOUSE OFF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL.

6. CAPE ST VINCENT.
7. A SPANISH SWEEP AND OTHER TYPES AT GIBRALTAR.
8. ENGLISH BREAD AT GIBRALTAR.

SCENES OF THE VOYAGE ON BOARD THE "MACEDONIA."

Our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg, is now well on his way to India to act as our Artist-Correspondent during the Prince of Wales's tour of Britain's greatest dependency. Many jollities are being afforded him, and there can be no doubt that his drawings and sketches will provide a memorable record of a memorable journey.



# IRVING'S SON IN A GERMAN MILITARY PLAY: "LIGHTS OUT," AT THE WALDORF.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLAVIER; PHOTOGRAPHS BY HASSANO.



1. THE COURT-MARTIAL SCENE.

2. MR. H. B. IRVING AND MISS EVA MOORE IN THE SECOND ACT.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE ENGLISH VERSION OF "LIGHTS OUT," A PLAY FORBIDDEN IN GERMANY.

The play, which is translated from the German of Beyerlein, treats of the problems that may arise from German military etiquette. Elsewhere our dramatic critic discusses the production.



## REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

THE talent of M. Rostand has created in "L'Aiglon" a portrait of Napoleon's son which will probably prevail against the results of exact and minute historical research. The boy interests us because of the pathetic ineffectiveness of his life, and thus his record belongs to the sphere of romance rather than to that of history. He did—he was allowed to do—nothing: he died in his twenty-second year. From his father's son so much was expected! It is clear that he had intellectual ability, and that he was ambitious; but it is quite impossible to decide whether he had any share of his father's genius. The translation of Herr Eduard Wertheimer's "The Duke of Reichstadt" (Lane)—why does the publisher alter the author's name to Edward de Wertheimer?—will tell English readers all that there is to know about the boy who was styled successively King of Rome, Emperor of the French (during the moment of his father's abdication), Prince of Parma, and Duke of Reichstadt. He was the unconscious focus of intrigue from his cradle onward, but was so sedulously kept apart from the French by his Austrian guardians that he never headed a party. Herr Wertheimer has made full use not only of published documents but of manuscript materials, and gives very full details of the negotiations between the Powers that followed the downfall of Napoleon. He devotes close attention to the career of Marie Louise, whose life would have been a tragic one had she possessed enough sensibility to feel it so. She seems to have had a sort of placid affection for Napoleon during their married life, but showed no inclination to follow him to Elba or to rejoin him during the Hundred Days. She was devoted to her father, and after Waterloo was apparently contented to be merely an Austrian Archduchess, reigning in Parma but forbidden to transmit that heritage to her son. It is more remarkable that she found happiness in a secret marriage with Count Neipperg, who replaced Napoleon in her affections long before the slow tragedy of St. Helena had ended. Meanwhile, the young Napoleon was being educated as a good little Austrian, and destined for a military career in the service of his Hapsburg kin. But his father's record had an irresistible attraction for him, and it is doubtful whether he could have lived contentedly as an Austrian general. Herr Wertheimer makes it clear that the stories of his amorous fancies are inventions, and that the notion that his mentors encouraged him in vicious ways and so shortened his life is a baseless lie. Metternich, in fact, seems to have acted well towards the little Prince. Austria's engagements to the other Powers precluded any encouragement of the idea of a Napoleonic restoration in France. In 1830 there was revolution in Paris, the last of the Bourbon elder line fled, and had young Napoleon been allowed to have any personal acquaintance with French soldiers or politicians, he might have made an attempt on the throne, that went by default to Louis Philippe—never a very popular or attractive Pretender. But the boy was under strict surveillance at Vienna, and there he died, two years later, of consumption. The author of this book has naturally a bias in favour of Austrian policy, and talks some of the usual nonsense about Sir Hudson Lowe, but apart from this is very fair. His industry and thoroughness are remarkable. The book is well translated and excellently illustrated.

If Mr. Satchell possessed the power of handling his characters firmly, in addition to his gift of describing life in the New Zealand bush, his new novel would take a high place. For he can make the monotonous life of an out-of-the-way settlement interesting; he has a feeling for Nature, and considerable humour. But the old device, so dear to novelists, of allowing lives to be spoiled by unaccountable reticence on the part of a hero, gives an unreal tone to "The Toll of the Bush" (Macmillan). When a baseless accusation is brought against a man by a monomaniac who has been deceived, the accused does not, as a rule, allow his case to go by default, and let the woman whom he loves believe him a scoundrel. In the case presented by Mr. Satchell there is not even any question of keeping silence for the sake of another. His Geoffrey Hershaw recognises that a man who believes himself deeply wronged by him has followed him to New Zealand for vengeance. Hershaw says nothing to his friends, to whom it would have been perfectly easy to tell the true story; and when the mind of the girl to whom he was almost engaged has been set against him by calumny, he is too proud to explain. His brother's love-affair, on the other hand, is skilfully treated, and several odd characters, pathetic or amusing, figure with effect in the book. The tragedy of a drunken Swede and the comedy of a plausible Maori show that Mr. Satchell can manage his minor characters excellently. We do not quite accept the wicked clergyman who nearly ruins Hershaw's existence, but the other persons of the drama are vigorously true to life.

Mr. Eugene P. Lyle's flamboyant romance of Mexico under Maximilian is clearly designed for the American market, although it appears under the colours of a London publisher. "The Missourian" (Heinemann) is marred by a peculiarly irritating provincialism: on every page the Republican Eagle is screaming out his message of equality. The hero is a cavalry officer from Missouri who, in the last days of the Confederacy, is sent on a secret mission to the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian to offer him the services of a Southern army, which prefers exile to surrender. Maximilian cannot realise facts, and refuses an arrangement which might have saved his throne. The Missourian hero, after brief service in the Imperial forces, deserts to Juarez and his Republicans, like an ordinary scoundrel, though Mr. Lyle seems to see something fine in this act of treachery. The heroine is a French girl, employed at Maximilian's Court on a secret mission from Napoleon III.; but the effectiveness of her rôle in the drama is impaired by the fact that Mr. Lyle makes her not only talk but think like a New

Yorker. How much historical justification there may be for some of the incidents we are not aware; at any rate, great liberties are taken with the portraiture of a brave if unwise prince, whose unhappy end should have preserved his memory from the impertinent comments and the insulting patronage of a fifth-rate novelist. Still, the author seems to know his ground, and some of his Mexican scoundrels are entertaining.

Englishwomen of many generations have loved Italy, and the choicest modern love is Vernon Lee's expressed in such a book as her "Spirit of Rome" (The Bodley Head). There was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who liked to live in lonely state there, with little eye, indeed, for the peasant or the picture; there was the "Englishwoman in Italy" of the 'fifties of last century, who very demurely described the manners of the higher classes; and there was her contemporary, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had no less than a passion for Italy, far more romantic and illusory than political; and after that how many amiable novelists wrote short stories with Beppo for a hero? Their day is gone too, for it is impossible to call the present writers on Italy amiable. They are polished free of sentimentality, they have the negative of romance, the irony of the picturesque. Vernon Lee has long trained her eyes to see immediately and without any legend or convention, and her mind to "moralise," not the old story repeated from lip to lip, but the story of her own perception and imagination. She is scholarly, well-read, essentially a student, but her history occurs by way of allusion, and in art she takes her own connoisseurship—and, incidentally, her readers' also—for granted. This latest book of hers is almost too impressionary; not all the brief visions, the brief meditations, were, strictly speaking, worth preserving, even for what they profess to be, the vestiges of random feet and random thoughts. Yet in even the most insignificant pages there is what the author intended to capture—the very breath of Rome. The trivialities are purely Roman, and no writer of less than distinguished talent could have made these slight records so local, so peculiar, and so specialised. She has, in particular, an admirable eye for colour, and—if one may say so—a fine nostril for freshness. She loves the thing and the name of it, and makes us share her love.

Mr. Hubert Bland, the author of "With the Eyes of a Man" (Werner Laurie), is described on the title-page as "Hubert," of the *Sunday Chronicle*. This argues for him the enviable possession of an appreciative audience, and to it as well as to himself our congratulations extend. For these essays, in respect of both matter and manner, reach a level which, unfortunately, is not usual in present-day journalism—certainly not in the journalism that proclaims itself "popular." If this be the reading of the provinces, then is the Metropolis put to shame. Whatever be the ostensible subject of his papers, Mr. Bland's real one always is the "Art of Life," under which sub-title, by the way, he has elected to gather a select few contained in this volume. To that he ever returns, whether his text be "The Sword" or "Flirtation," "Beauty," or Mr. Shaw's "Man and Super-Man." Even the Powder Puff induces reflections on the springs of conduct—as, indeed why should it not? Virtue is not cloaked in gloom and a solemn visage any more than the horse-collar is the wear of the wise. Mr. Bland looks out upon the world with eyes singularly free from prejudice, and, above all, he would tell us that to look forth upon it for ourselves we ought first to rid our minds of cant. And his manner in conveying to us his observations is characterised by an admirable fitness. "Your style, if not always chaste, is ever translucent," one of his readers told him, and its directness, no doubt, is the quality which specially appeals to the audience he addresses. But Mr. Bland's writing has elegance and finesse as well as lucidity, and in his paper, "Honoris Causa," will be found some remarks on those who would probably describe themselves as his "brothers of the pen" which show the workman properly proud and jealous of his craft. These are refreshing essays, well deserving the wider hearing which they will now receive.

Mrs. Perrin has written still another story of Anglo-Indian life. Its hero is Stephen Dare, an Irrigation officer, who, after three years spent within easy reach of a large military station, is sent to a lonely subdivision in a remote and unpopular district fifty miles from any railway and thirty even from a little civil station. His duty is the watch and upkeep of the great aqueduct over the slow and shallow Kali Nadi. He is gripped by a home-sickness and a hatred of India, and is on the eve of going home on leave—and there is a girl at home whose memory has haunted him with his fears—when news from England requires that he shall send to his family all the money he had been able to save for the contemplated journey. Thus he is thrown back upon his isolation, which oppresses him more than ever, and the upshot is that hope dies within him, the memory of Georgie Dalison fades, and in the press of cruel temptation, he goes through a form of marriage with a native girl which may not be valid, but certainly is binding on him as an honourable man. Such is Stephen Dare's case, and its significance is not weakened by the fact that under Mrs. Perrin's considerate guidance he finds relief and happiness in the end. The native wife is swept away in the catastrophe which has been anticipated by the author in her title, "The Waters of Destruction" (Chatto and Windus). Stephen may marry his Georgie. The fates, we may be sure, however, do not always provide so simple a way out for the Stephen Dares, and any book is welcome which brings vividly to the minds of comfortable novel-readers at home the trials and dangers attending those who hold and administer our great Empire in the East. Because it helps to do that, and for the sake of its pictures of native life, we can overlook the somewhat inexpert way, in which Mrs. Perrin's story is told.

## A BOOK OF THE DEAD!

THE dry bones which Time has buried are never in themselves very interesting objects when unearthed; even when displayed in a museum and appropriately labelled, they have a knack of remaining very dry! Learned men discourse upon them, and assure us that these fragments once belonged to creatures which walked this earth, and we accept their assurance rather out of respect for their opinion than because of any feeling of conviction. Now and again, however, our apathy is galvanised into a real interest by some magician who, by his magic touch, causes these dry bones to live. Huxley wielded such a wand; to-day this has passed into the hands of Professor E. Ray Lankester, who has, happily, been prevailed upon to publish a course of lectures on the subject of extinct animals (Constable), which he gave last year to an audience of young people at the Royal Institution. Verily, it is a book that must be read, for nowhere else can there be found such lively descriptions, such charming expositions of old-time giants. It is a book of surprises. For who would imagine that the ponderous mammoth, like our living elephants, was to be traced back to the insignificant-looking little beast which has been christened the Meritherium? In place of the great tusks which we always associate with elephants, it had only a pair of longish teeth, which pointed straight downwards. This was succeeded by a creature of the size of a small horse, still tuskless and as yet trunkless. Then followed a weird-looking beast, a larger edition of his predecessor, with signs of the tusks 'hat were to be and the beginnings of a trunk. This trunk did not arise, Professor Lankester remarks, in the way suggested by Mr. Kipling; but exactly how it was fashioned is a secret we shall not divulge. Yet another stage brings us to an obviously elephant-like creature, known as the mastodon, and finally we arrive at the huge, hairy mammoth whose—

... Legs were as thick as the bole of the beech,  
His tusks as the buttonwood white,  
While his lithe trunk would like a sapling around  
An oak in the whirlwind's might.

From the mammoth it is but a step to the elephant of to-day, a little less in stature perhaps, and unable to keep his hair on, but comparing favourably with his worthy ancestor.

The story of the horse, as told by Professor Lankester, is no less remarkable reading. Like the elephant, the ancestor of this most useful of all animals was remarkable for his small size, which did not exceed that of a fox. But here, as in the case of the elephant, the ancestor did not bear much resemblance to a horse, for, to begin with, he had three toes on his hind and four on his fore-foot. In course of time, as he traces the evolution upwards, the third toe gradually develops at the expense of the others, till to-day, in the modern horse, of which the largest of his race is the great Shire horse, all that remains of these outer toes is a pair of long "splint bones" entirely concealed beneath the skin.

In the graveyard of Time it is not surprising to find that remains of primitive man should occasionally come to light. On this theme Professor Lankester has some interesting things to tell us, and his account of the "man-monkey" of Java will interest not a few who are curious as to the origin of our race. He contrasts the size of the brain-case of the monkey, this early relic of mankind, and the modern European, with a result that is highly flattering to the European! Our primitive forbears, however, seem to have developed at a very early period some considerable aesthetic sense, and displayed no mean skill in giving expression thereto. This we know from the carvings found in bone and stone, representing, in a bold and spirited manner, pictures of mammoth, horse and reindeer, and other animals: some of these are really wonderful, especially when we reflect that their only tools were blades of flint!

In those far-off days man was called on to exercise a perpetual vigilance against enemies his superior in brute force, or to outwit such as he desired for the purposes of food or raiment. Then, as now, brains won the day! Professor Lankester brings this home with considerable force. He tells us that the giant Titanotherium, a beast bigger than the largest rhinoceros to-day, had a brain not more than one-eighth the volume of recent big animals; the significance of all this being that "a small brain may serve very well to guide the great animal-machine in established ways, but in order to learn new things in its lifetime an animal must have a big brain."

Of sea-dragons, and flying dragons, and dragons which policed, or shall we say played the part of pirates? in the rivers of their time, and dragons which took possession of the land, there is a store of information here. Of one of these old sea-monsters we read that it "had a body like the hull of a submarine, with four paddles attached—the fore and hind legs. It had a long neck like that of a swan, and an elongated head, provided with powerful jaws armed with . . . pointed teeth." Professor Lankester describes how it would draw shorewards, and suddenly thrusting out this coilsome neck, would snap up "small lizards and birds from the land." Few, if any, of these strange and long-buried animals appear to have possessed any claim to beauty—in our sense of the word—and some appear to have been most grotesquely hideous.

Even the birds had not attained that comeliness of form which they now possess: as witness the curious Archaeopteryx, the Adam among birds; the six-foot giant Hesperornis, and the still more gigantic Phororhacos, whose skull alone exceeded that of a race-horse in size!

And so the panorama of the past is drawn before us, while the hieroglyphics in which much of it is written are luminously translated. It is indeed, as we have said, a book of wonders, but we suspect that many will close it with a feeling of satisfaction that all these curious creatures lived a very long while ago.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



PRESIDENT LOUBET AND THE NATIONAL SPORT OF SPAIN, FORBIDDEN IN FRANCE.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



THE BULL-FIGHT IN HONOUR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AT MADRID.

*President Loubet was to have been entertained at a great bull-fight, where six bulls were to have been killed, on October 24, but the exhibition had to be put off on account of the rain. On the 26th, however, the President, accompanied by the King and the Princes Charles and Ferdinand, visited the Plaza de Toros, but only remained long enough to see the entry of the caballeros and two bulls. The Queen-Mother, who objects to the bull-fight, nevertheless honoured M. Loubet by her presence. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Princesses Maria Theresa, Isabella, and Eulalia. All four wore the national mantilla.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE PURE-AIR QUESTION.

A reader of this column has written a letter to me in which he asks for help "in the advocacy of the need for pure air as a necessity of life and as a powerful aid in the prevention of disease." He thinks that, despite all our advances in the teaching of hygiene, the pure-air question is relegated to the background. He is even enthusiastic enough to offer to start a "Fresh-Air League," and I really see no reason why he should not carry out his intent. We have leagues around us for the propagation of opinions about subjects of far less vital importance than the need for breathing constantly a pure atmosphere. Deeply as I sympathise with, and admire his enthusiasm, I am afraid my friend will soon discover that he is like unto one crying in the wilderness, no man heeding him. I know this from a tolerably long experience of teaching the public something regarding health-laws. But if wisdom lingers in its coming, we are making progress, I hope; and if once we can overcome the inertia of popular apathy about health-matters, we shall find a substantial gain to the nation in the shape of an increased measure of physical prosperity.

The truth is, that while food-questions of necessity bulk largely in social discussions—especially when trade is dull and money scarce—the need for pure air escapes attention, because it is a topic that seems to require no discussion at all. People tacitly ignore the whole matter. "There is the air free to us all. You have only to breathe it, and the matter ends." It is the utterly gratis nature of our gift which tells against our appreciation of its necessity and its value. If some enterprising Chancellor of the Exchequer laid a tax on our breathing commodity, we should all make it our business to see that we received our money's worth. Time was when the Government of our land taxed our supply of light. This was the day of the window-tax. People of a saving turn of mind did with fewer windows, and made them small. Yet it can be shown that light is a very essential condition for healthy existence, only it is not absolutely necessary as is air. We could not make bargains with ourselves regarding our air-supply, and evade the tax by limiting the amount we consume.

We can live for thirty or even forty days on water alone (that is, plus air), or without solid food and water for about a week, while in the absence of air the duration of our existence would be measured by a few minutes at most. Air is, in truth, the most important food, for in the absence of its oxygen, no other foods can be utilised in our bodies. The oxygen is to other foods what the match is to the coals and sticks laid in a grate. Suppose, in the first instance, we all realised this importance of the atmosphere to us, we should then bethink ourselves far more strenuously about securing a pure supply. There would be less contentment with impure and vitiated air, and a closer watch would be kept on our supply in respect of its amount and purity.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that in addition to the fact that most of us do not trouble about our air-wants because we know the air is everywhere about us, we all experience a certain plain difficulty in obtaining with ease a supply of the pure article. I read a treatise on hygiene, and from its pages I learn that I demand three thousand cubic feet per hour. This large amount is necessary if the air of my apartment is to be kept at a pure standard, and the need for so much arises from the fact that I spoil much more air than I breathe. Now, if I accept the teaching of my book, I begin to think over the question of getting my adequate supply. Here beginneth my first lesson in the difficulties of following out the precepts of my hygiene-teacher.

My room is almost an air-tight box. If I shut door and windows, I am dependent for my fresh supply on certain conditions of pure chance. Air comes in by every crevice of door and windows, and it may even be drawn in through the walls if they are sufficiently porous. As for any exit for foul air, I am dependent mostly on the chimney. This is an upcast shaft, and if the fire is alight a current of air is swept upward and tends by displacement to draw in air from the outside into the room. This is the reason why we have to approve of the open fireplace, wasteful as that contrivance is from the point of view of its heat-production. The grate and the chimney are, in truth, our only ventilators in an ordinary room.

The case, therefore, for fresh air, stands thus: We might all admit freely and fully our need for a pure atmosphere to be constantly afforded us, but we may equally remind the hygienist of the difficulties lying in the way of realising his ideal. There are many plans extant for ventilating rooms, but he would be a bold man who would maintain either that they are effective or easy of application. You may sweep all the foul air out of a room in a minute by opening doors and windows widely, but the majority of us will at once reflect upon the effects capable of being produced by draughts. The real problem is how to secure a supply of fresh air, and to get rid of foul air, without unnecessary and disagreeable draught.

This problem, for our houses, awaits solution. Air has to be treated as a solid body. If we want it to move in a particular direction and at a particular rate and in a particular quantity, we must move it. We cannot do this accurately without machinery in the shape of fans and the like; and so we have to be content to await the advent of a new era in house-building when a limited company may seek to make money by supplying us with air as to-day we are supplied with water. There is, perhaps, more in this latter idea than we may be tempted to imagine. You can build a house to-day and circulate air, cooled or heated, through its rooms by special appliances. What can be done with one house might be done with many: at least, I fancy engineers would speedily tell us so.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

G. BAKKER (Rotterdam).—Solution acknowledged below. We hope to find your problem suitable for publication.

W. H. COOPER (Winchester).—We cannot remember receiving such a packet. It is referred to any chess matter?

F. R. KNOX.—Your two-mover is neat and well constructed; but its solution is on such hackneyed lines that we are unable to find room for it.

A. E. C. DE RIVALL (Cardiff).—The two-mover of yours we have in hand is too seriously affected by duals to permit of publication. Otherwise it is a good problem.

G. STILLINGFLETTER JOHNSON.—Quite sound and very neat. It is marked for insertion.

W. B. DAVIS (Guadalajara, Mexico).—If Black play 2. R takes R, 3. Kt to B6th mate. You evidently overlook that the Black Knight at K 4th is pinned.

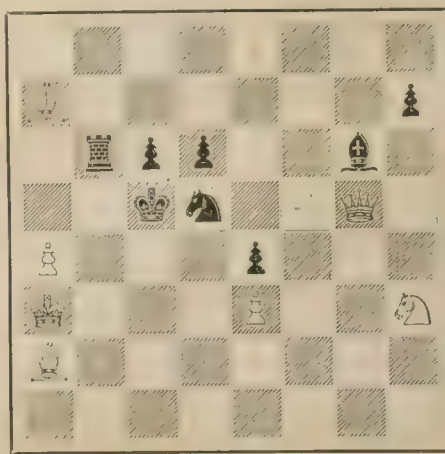
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3701 to 3706 received from J. H. WEIR (Towson, Me., Queensland); of No. 3701 from H. O. R. Muttikistina (Patala, Ceylon); of No. 3705 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3706 from G. Stillingfletter Johnson (Cobham); F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford) John Mathieson (Glasgow), and James Clark (Chester); of No. 3707 from J. B. (Edinburgh), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), E. Lawrence (Cheltenham), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), G. W. Rawlins (Kainell), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), T. Roberts, Joseph Smek (Prague), F. Lovell (Mylor Bridge), A. W. Young (Edinburgh), Doryman, John Mathieson (Glasgow), G. T. Hughes (Dublin), J. Ruessell (Lithland), D. Newton (Lisbon), A. Nathanson (Hamburg), Z. M. (Park Lane), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Thomas Vecherall (Manchester), Scorie, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. A. Corstorphin-Wilson (Hawwell), A. G. Hagot (Dublin), C. E. Perugini, T. Smith (Brighton), and G. Stillingfletter Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3708 received from Sorrento, Weir (Towson, Me.), J. W. Haynes (Winchester), Charles Burnett, Doryman, J. A. Corstorphin-Wilson (Hawwell), Shadforth, A. W. Young (Edinburgh), Scorie, E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), H. J. Plum (Sandhurst), F. Henderson (Leeds), J. D. Tucker (Uxley), A. W. Maxwell (Hounslow), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), R. Worters (Canterbury), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Thomas Upcott (Sydenham), H. J. Plum (Sandhurst), E. Lawrence (Cheltenham), and Joseph Wilcock (Slough).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3707.—By A. F. C. DE RIVALL.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to B2nd. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3710. By F. H. FAIRY.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played between MEISSER, SCHLICHTER and HARDELEHN in the recent Tournament at Barmen.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q takes Kt	Q to K 4th
2. P to Q B 3rd	P to K 2nd	12. P to Q 4th	P takes Kt
3. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	13. P to K 4th	Q to K 2nd
4. Kt to K 5th	P to K 3rd	14. P to K 3rd	P takes Kt
5. B to K 5th	P to K 4th	15. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt
6. The normal development by P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	16. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt
7. B to K 4th	Kt to K 4th	17. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt
8. P to K 3rd	P to K 4th	18. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt
9. P takes P	P takes P	19. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt
10. Q to K 3rd	P takes P	20. P to K 4th	Q takes Kt
11. White may be always trusted to lose no time in fastening on the weak point of his opponent's position.		21. Q to K 4th	Q to K 4th
		22. Q to B 2nd	R takes P
		23. R takes R	R takes R
		24. P to B 7th	R to K 3rd
		25. B to B 4th	
		26. A surprising knock-out, but nothing can be done to avert disaster.	
		27. R takes R	R to B 3rd
		28. Q to K 5th	R signs.

Another Game from the same Tournament, played between MEISSER, HANSEN and JANOWSKY.

(Queen's Pawn Game).

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	23. Q to R 5th	Kt to Q 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	24. Q takes P	
3. Q takes P	P to Q 4th	25. P to K 4th	R takes R
4. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	26. Q takes P (ch)	Q to K 3rd
5. Q to K 3rd	P to B 3rd	27. R takes B	P takes P
6. Q takes P	Q takes P	28. B takes P	Q to Q 3rd
7. Kt to K 3rd	R to K 4th	29. Q to R 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
8. P to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd	30. R to K 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd
9. P to K 3rd	Castles	31. White is willing to exchange Queens, but on his own terms. It now, in reply, 2 to K 3rd, 3 to Q 4th, 4 to K 3rd, 5 to K 3rd, 6 to K 3rd, 7 to K 3rd, 8 to K 3rd, 9 to K 3rd, 10 to K 3rd, 11 to K 3rd, 12 to K 3rd, 13 to K 3rd, 14 to K 3rd, 15 to K 3rd, 16 to K 3rd, 17 to K 3rd, 18 to K 3rd, 19 to K 3rd, 20 to K 3rd, 21 to K 3rd, 22 to K 3rd, 23 to K 3rd, 24 to K 3rd, 25 to K 3rd, 26 to K 3rd, 27 to K 3rd, 28 to K 3rd, 29 to K 3rd, 30 to K 3rd, 31 to K 3rd, 32 to K 3rd, 33 to K 3rd, 34 to K 3rd, 35 to K 3rd, 36 to K 3rd, 37 to K 3rd, 38 to K 3rd, 39 to K 3rd, 40 to K 3rd, 41 to K 3rd, 42 to K 3rd, 43 to K 3rd, 44 to K 3rd, 45 to K 3rd, 46 to K 3rd, 47 to K 3rd, 48 to K 3rd, 49 to K 3rd, 50 to K 3rd, 51 to K 3rd, 52 to K 3rd, 53 to K 3rd, 54 to K 3rd, 55 to K 3rd, 56 to K 3rd, 57 to K 3rd, 58 to K 3rd, 59 to K 3rd, 60 to K 3rd, 61 to K 3rd, 62 to K 3rd, 63 to K 3rd, 64 to K 3rd, 65 to K 3rd, 66 to K 3rd, 67 to K 3rd, 68 to K 3rd, 69 to K 3rd, 70 to K 3rd, 71 to K 3rd, 72 to K 3rd, 73 to K 3rd, 74 to K 3rd, 75 to K 3rd, 76 to K 3rd, 77 to K 3rd, 78 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## OUR NEXT ROYAL VISITOR: THE KING OF GREECE.

STEREOGRAPHS (COPYRIGHT 1905) BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



KING GEORGE AS A MOTORIST: THE KING IN HIS AUTOMOBILE AT ATHENS.

KING GEORGE AT HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE, THE TATOI PALACE.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE AND MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY.

On November 13 the King of the Hellenes will arrive at Windsor on a visit to the King. During his stay in this country his Majesty will be entertained by the City of London. King George, it will be remembered, is the son of King Christian IX. of Denmark. His Majesty married the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia. The portraits in this picture include those of the Grand Duchess Marie, Princess Hélène, Prince Nicholas, Prince Andrew, and Prince Christopher.



# LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK



Photo, Topical.

PRESIDENT LOUBET AT THE BUTES AT KING ALFONSO'S SHOOTING PARTY.

On the last day of the visit of President Loubet to Spain the weather improved sufficiently to permit of the King's guests enjoying shooting in the royal preserves. The whole day was devoted to sport.



Photo, Leon Bonet.

KING ALFONSO AS A CHAUFFEUR; THE KING DRIVING PRESIDENT LOUBET TO THE SHOOT AT RIO FRIO.

On October 25 King Alfonso gave a shooting party in the royal demesne of Rio Frio. The King drove the President from Madrid in his Majesty's motor-car.



Photo, T. O.

THE CITY'S RECOGNITION OF GENERAL BOOTH: THE CHIEF ON HIS WAY TO GUILDHALL.

Freedom of the City was presented to General Booth on October 20. The General was escorted to the Guildhall by a procession of a thousand of his officers, bearing banners.



Photo, Hiltz and Saunders.

THE EFON WAR-MEMORIAL IN THE UPPER CHAPEL AT THE COLLEGE.

The memorial, which was unveiled on All Saints' Day, commemorates the members of the College who fell in the South African War. It takes the form of an altar-piece.



Photo, Seashmann.

A ROMAN CONDUIT DISCOVERED IN VIENNA.

The conduit is one of the most perfect types of that form of Roman engineering that has yet been discovered. It is about 700 yards long. The find was made by Herr Nowakowski de Lilla, the Superintendent of Roman Antiquarian Explorations.



Photo, Nouvelles.

AN ANCESTOR OF THE MOTOR: A STEAM AUTOMOBILE OF 1770.

This curious automobile, a proof that there is nothing new under the sun, has just been placed in the Museum of Arts and Industries in Paris. It was invented in 1770 by the military engineer Cugnot, and was used for a time on the roads.



# CHAMPION CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE NATIONAL CLUB'S CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL



1. THE FIRST PRIZE WHITE KITTEN: MISS HARPER'S SWANSDOWN.
2. THE FIRST PRIZE BLUE FEMALE: LADY ALEXANDER'S HALLOCHMYLE SISTER BUMP (FIRST AND TWO SPECIALS).
3. MRS. BENNET'S ROKELES CREMO (THIRD PRIZE).
4. THE FIRST LONG-HAIRED WHITE FEMALE.
5. MR. LOUIS WAIN JUDGING CATS.
6. THE FIRST PRIZE MANX (ANY COLOUR BUT BLACK): SIR CLAUD ALEXANDER'S LADY JAMES DUMPS (FIRST AND FOUR SPECIALS).

7. THE SECOND SILVER TABBY MALE: MISS THEILAN WILKINSON'S SWEET WILLIAM.
8. THE FIRST SILVER TABBY FEMALE: MRS. COLLINGWOOD'S CHAMPION MISS TODDLES (FIRST AND FIVE SPECIALS).
9. LADY ALEXANDER'S BLUE MALE CHAMPION: HALLOCHMYLE BROTHER BUMP (FIRST AND FOUR SPECIALS).
10. THE FIRST SHORT-HAIRED SIAMESE MALE, AND THE FIRST NOVICE SIAMESE KITTEN: MISS B. ARMITAGE'S CHASLEPY CHUTNEY AND CHASLEPY SNARK.

11. THE FIRST SILVER TABBY MALE: MRS. COLLINGWOOD'S CHAMPION JAMES II. (FIRST AND TWO SPECIALS).
12. THE FIRST WHITE FEMALE LONG-HAIRED: LADY DECIES' FUINER SNOW QUEEN (FIRST AND FOUR SPECIALS).
13. THE FIRST CHINCHILLA MALE: MISS MAY TYSER'S ARGENT KING (FIRST AND FOUR SPECIALS).
14. A CAT WORTH £1000: LADY DECIES' CHAMPION FELMER ZAIDA (FIRST AND EIGHT SPECIALS).



## THE KING IN EPPING FOREST: SCENES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARK, BY THE PRESS STUDIO, AND BY SMITH.



1. ON THE MAIN ROAD TO NEWMARKET.

6. CUCKOO PITS.

11. OAKS AT CHINGFORD.

2. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HUNTING-LODGE.

7. AT HIGH BEECH.

12. THE FOREST HOTEL AT CHINGFORD.

3. CONNAUGHT WATER.

8. THE KING ARRIVING ON HIS MOTOR AT BISHOP'S HALL.

13. THE WAKE ARMS, ON THE EPPING ROAD.

4. WHERE THE KING STAYED: A WING AT BISHOP'S HALL.

9. FOREST SCENERY AT HIGH BEECH.

14. WARREN POND.

5. THE OLD CAMP OF BOADICEA, AMBRESBURY BANKS.

10. ANOTHER VIEW AT HIGH BEECH.

15. GRIMSHAM OAK.

On October 31 the King left Bishop's Hall, where he had been the guest of Colonel Lockwood, M.P., and drove in his motor-car to Newmarket. On his way his Majesty visited Epping Forest. The King passed through the most beautiful part of the old hunting-ground, and as he approached the town of Epping he saw Ambresbury Banks, popularly associated with the overthrow of Boadicea. The King, by special request, altered his plans in order to visit Bishop's Stortford.



THE KAISER AND THE KAISERIN ON HORSEBACK: AN INTERESTING EQUESTRIAN GROUP.

BY FRANK FRIEDMAN.



Kaiser.

Kaiserin.

Princess Victoria.

WILLIAM THE WAR LORD "EN FAMILLE": THE GERMAN EMPEROR, THE EMPRESS, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA, WITH THE SUITE.

*The Kaiser has lately been emphasising his favourite rôle of War Lord. He has just made some tremendous fighting speeches in which he dwells on the necessity of every young German's being ready to serve his Fatherland. Muscles, the Kaiser declares, must always be taut and powder dry. His Imperial Majesty considers it imperative that the German Army and Navy shall both be augmented and brought to the highest pitch of efficiency.*



# THE PERILS OF LIFE ON A LIGHT-SHIP: ALMOST RUN DOWN.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.



"BELOW THERE! STAND BY-COLLISION!" A SCENE ON BOARD A LIGHT-SHIP IN FOGGY WEATHER.

*With good anchors and a sound hull a light-ship is not a very dangerous craft. In fog or heavy rain, however, there is often a risk of being run down, and the cry "Stand by collision!" is heard on board. Thereupon the crew scramble on deck, half-dressed and half-asleep, to do what they can to ward off the impending danger. As the light-ship is on a float, it is the approaching vessel that must do its best to clear up.*



## AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY REVIVED: FLINT-KNAPPING AT BRANDON FOR FLINT-LOCK MUSKETS, PISTOLS, AND TINDER-BOXES.

"Flint-knapping," as the industry is called, has always been monopolised by the little town of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk.

The flint is obtained from the Lingfield pits, about a mile from Brandon; it is quite black in colour, and immense beds of it, coated with chalk, extend to a considerable depth. The pits themselves are peculiar: shelves of the stone are left to project on alternate sides, there being about six feet left between each shelf, and the men let themselves down from shelf to shelf. When ascending, a man throws the basket of flint blocks on to the nearest

shelf, and then pulls himself up after it, so that considerable strength is required. The blocks are then taken to one of the sheds, where they are first "quartered" with a big hammer. The worker then dresses the quarters, and, after the chalk has been removed, the flint is chipped off in thin flakes. These are handed over to the "knapper," who, with a sharp-edged hammer, rapidly trims off the rough edges, thus making them into little "double-backed" squares which fit into obsolete gun-locks, the two principal sizes being known as "musket" and "pistol" sizes. The actual knapping is done entirely by whist-work.

These gun-flints are turned out in great numbers and sent to all parts of the world, but South America and West Africa are the principal markets. On an average, about 80,000 gun-flints are turned out in a week, and one man can do between 2000 and 3000 in a day.

It may seem unlikely at first that there can be so large a demand for the gun-flints, but

it must be remembered that a single flint does not last very long. The gun-flints, too, serve a double purpose, as they can be used for tinder-

boxes. The fuse, lighted by sparks caused by rubbing the flint and steel, can only be extinguished by being deprived of air, and so is

much more serviceable out of doors than matches. It may not be generally known that the Government ordered 16,000 tinder-boxes from Brandon for the troops in the South African War. Many years ago Brandon supplied the whole British Army with gun-flints; but when modern rifles were introduced, the industry lapsed, as the owners were not enterprising enough to secure other markets. Some years ago,

however, the industry was revived, and about a dozen men are employed at the present day. There is also a great demand for building-blocks, for the black-flint houses are a distinctive feature of the "Breck" district of Norfolk and Suffolk. Yet another branch of the flint industry is the making of designs in mosaic, specimens of which are shown in the foreground of the group, the black patterns set in white giving a very striking effect.

The revival of this industry is a curious instance in the history of economics. Here we have a trade associated with all that is most antiquated in musketry, dragging along a half-torpid existence for many years, when suddenly commercial enterprise sees that there are parts of the world where the demand for the material is not dead. These markets are successfully tapped, and, as we have seen, the industry immediately shows that it still possesses more than the seeds of vitality, and can even become prosperous in more than one department by judicious development.



THE SOURCE OF THE BEST FLINTS: THE LINGFIELD PITS, BRANDON,  
ON THE BORDERS OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.



A FLINT-KNAPPER AT WORK.



FLAKING THE FLINTS: A PREPARATORY PROCESS.

A GROUP OF KNAPPERS WITH MOSAICS OUTSIDE THEIR WORK-SHED.



ONE VOLUNTEER WORTH A DOZEN PRESSED MEN.

DRAWN BY R. CALON WOODVILLE



IN THE DAYS OF THE PRESS-GANG: THE UNDESIRABLE WILLING, AND THE UNWILLING DESIRED.



THE CITY'S RECOGNITION OF THE SALVATION ARMY'S WORK: GENERAL BOOTH PRESENTED  
WITH THE FREEDOM OF LONDON.



THE FIRST MINISTER OF RELIGION EVER MADE A FREEMAN OF THE CITY; THE REV. WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER AND GENERAL  
OF THE SALVATION ARMY, ADMITTED TO CIVIC HONOURS AT THE GUILDHALL, OCTOBER 26.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

*The scene afforded a wonderful contrast to the ordinary routine of such civic ceremonies. In the gallery, instead of the usual military band, was the band of the Salvation Army, and the General was accompanied to the hall by a thousand of his officers. The General, replying to the Lord Mayor, said he hoped that in the years that remained to him he might be found yet more active in the cause of the socially fallen.*



AS PURCHASED BY ROYALTY & THE  
GREATEST MUSICIANS

THE WORLD-FAMED

# "Angelus" Piano-Player

## "The Original Invention,"

and the first pneumatic piano-player ever placed before the public. The "ANGELUS" has met with extraordinary success all over the world. The best proof of this is the number of its imitators, a few of which have shared some part of its popularity.

## THE "ANGELUS" HAS BEEN IMITATED BUT NEVER EQUALLED.

its unique system of pneumatics being protected by patents; besides which, it has, since its invention, undergone constant DEVELOPMENT BY ITS INVENTORS. Throughout it has been the pioneer instrument; to-day it stands alone as THE MOST ARTISTIC, HUMAN-LIKE, and COMPLETE PIANO-PLAYER.

## The Phrasing Lever

of the "ANGELUS," which, as its name suggests, permits the performer to modulate or "colour" any notes—phrases or passages—together with the device for subduing the accompaniment while bringing out the theme of a composition—are not found in any piano-player but the "ANGELUS." The greatest living musicians agree that without these devices it is quite impossible to obtain the sensitive human qualities, and to banish all suspicion of mechanical effect.

Madame Clara Butt says: "I think the 'Angelus' splendid! I have heard all the other inventions of the kind, but the 'ANGELUS' is far and away the best."  
Josef Hofmann says: "Listening to the 'ANGELUS' affords exquisite pleasure, and is a boon to all lovers of music."

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## ART NOTES.

Ministers, Corporations, Curators, Keepers, and the rest of us who failed to buy works of Whistler in the past have been tauntingly told, as if to complete their punishment, that all opportunities for securing important examples have gone by. But now the portrait of Miss Constance Gilchrist is on exhibition and on sale at the Carfax Gallery. If it is not among the greatest of Whistler's works, it is full of great Whistlerian qualities, and would represent him well in whatever gallery it finally decorates. It is the portrait of a girl skipping, and the harmony of the action and line of the composition is no less considered and full of grace than the harmonies of *Blue Boy* and *Portrait of a Girl*. At the time of its first exhibition, complaint was made of the unsatisfactory drawing of the eyes, and it was unsatisfactory that the sitter was said to squint on Whistler's canvas. But Whistler evidently practised the oculist's art upon the girl of his creation, for she is not a squint, and the painting of the whole face wears that corrected look which invariably robs a picture of spontaneous expression. But if the painting of the actual face is somewhat cramped, the painting of the figure, of the curtained background, and of the floor is magnificent. The nation would be deeper in the debt of thanks owing to the National Gallery and its Committees, if this portrait had been secured instead of the somewhat insipid *Nocturne* now consorting with the old *Cromes* and *Cotmans* in Trafalgar Square.

Messrs. Carfax show several other pictures of considerable interest. To have a portrait by Goya near one by Whistler is to see how nearly connected in certain matters of technique were these two most subtle manipulators of oil-paint. The glove in Goya's "Portrait of the Duchess of Alba" has that same sensitive quality which puts

Whistler so far above the multitude who work with little love for their medium.

The one hundred and twenty-fourth exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists marks no modification of the Society's traditions. These are not of an order to be considered very seriously by the student of contemporary art. The exhibitions in Suffolk Street may be



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calculated to contain work taking little or no share in the change and development of English painting. But while the bulk of the work is Philistine, there are several small pleasures for the visitor who wanders round the gallery. These are notably Mr. Cayley

Robinson's two delightful studies of Cornish sea and sea-folk, showing how different were the interests a few years ago of an artist who has latterly most faithfully followed Blake into the realms of imagination—"twelve leagues beyond the wide world's end." Before Mr. Robinson wandered into the strange atmosphere of dreams, he painted very charmingly the atmosphere of life, the poise of a rowing-boat on the swell, and the look of a lad and a lass. His third contribution to this exhibition is a picture of more recent date, titled "Threads of Life," and is of obscure meaning. It is difficult to know just why the wooden figures from a toy Noah's Ark are stretched in solemn line across the table at which sit a woman and a girl, although Mr. Robinson's intensity seems to endow the insignificant with fatality. The picture takes its title from the evident realisation of the woman, who pauses over the stitches of her embroidery, that there are symbolic meanings in her work.

If there is nothing else quite as interesting as Mr. Cayley Robinson's three pictures, a few other pictures count as rebels against the ordinary ideals of the Royal Society of British Artists—welcome, even while they are not very interesting rebels. Mr. Fergusson we have noticed previously as one who was daring in his attempts to capture certain broad and strong effects of light. But he has become a complete buccaneer in his manner of making these attempts, his brush doing violence to truth. Mr. Fergusson must, of necessity, return to a more student-like frame of mind before he can advance from the point at which he has now arrived, other-

wise his paint will shortly be no less unattractive than that of Mr. Hal Hurst, whose portrait of Mrs. Burnley-Mavis has as little sensitiveness as there possibly could be on any canvas purporting to depict life and light.

W. M.

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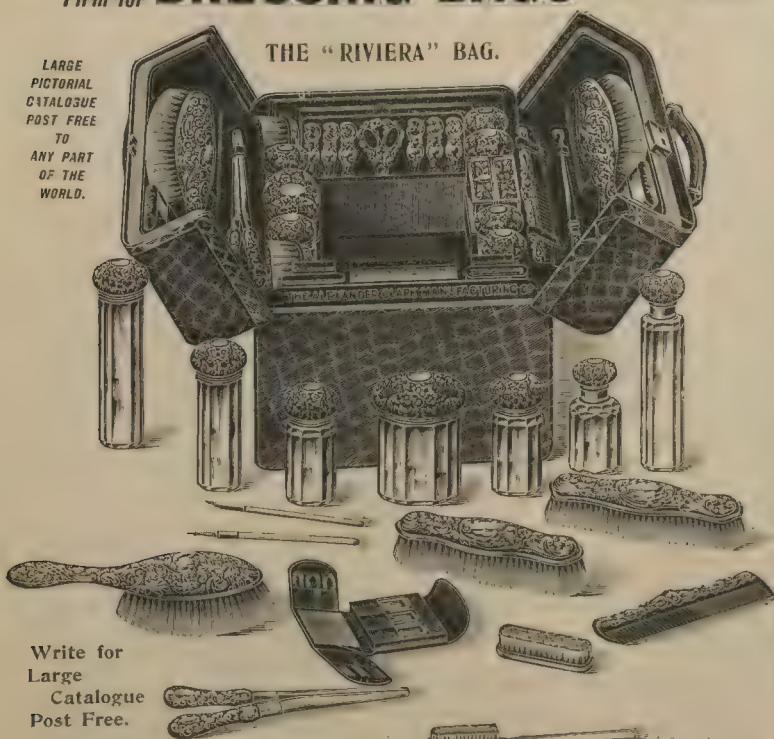
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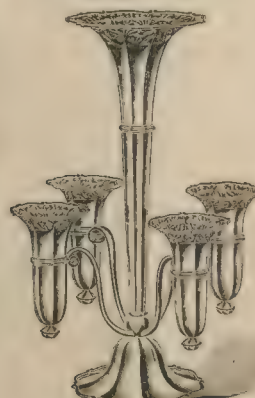
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## LADIES' PAGES.

The story that our own Princess Maud objected to her husband, Prince Charles of Denmark, being considered as a possible King for Norway, and that King Edward had what the Quakers call "commenced dealings" to change her Royal Highness's views on the matter, has been contradicted by the Press Association "on authority that cannot be open to doubt or question." As the King had previously authorised the Swedish Ambassador to issue a contradiction of the statement that his Majesty was actively interfering between Norway and Sweden about their separating at all, it is evident that such tales annoy him greatly, and it is to be hoped they will be put an end to now for good. There is, all the same, to those who know the King's daughters and their preference for a simple, domestic life, so far an element of probability in the story that the Princess has no eager desire for a crown. As quiet and domestic a career as could be possible to her father's daughter was her choice. The Duchess of Fife is even more keenly averse to any royal state in her daily life. She has never used the title that is by long custom her right, that of Princess Royal of Great Britain, and she has never had a lady-in-waiting, except during the festivities of the Coronation, when it was absolutely necessary for the eldest daughter of the King to have in attendance on her a nominal lady-in-waiting. The Duchess then temporarily appointed a near relative of her husband to the post. Princess Maud is less retiring in disposition than her elder sister; but she, too, sees more clearly the restraints and irksome obligations than the glories and happiness of royalty.

Authority and power may, indeed, gild the station of the head of a royal house, but the junior members of it must feel acutely its drawbacks—the watchful gaze of the public that is ever upon them, the constant criticism, and the ties and restraints of many kinds that are imposed. The obstacles that intervene to their marriages, very often, must be particularly irritating to those who feel the drawbacks so much more than the advantages of being of the royal house. The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, who has at last, after long and patient waiting in vain for the permission of the Tsar, married without that sanction his cousin, the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg, is deprived for this love match of his army appointments and official standing and some of his property in Russia. Yet the match in itself is most suitable, and can have no other objections raised to it than that the bride is the divorced wife of the Tsaritsa's brother, and that the newly-wedded couple are cousins, whose marriage is forbidden by the Greek Church.

It is on record that Mrs. Siddons said, rather bitterly, that "she hoped that in another world women would be considered of as much importance as men, for they



AN EMPIRE COAT IN FUR AND CLOTH.

*This warm wrap has an Empire corsage of chinchilla, over which straps of the cloth are drawn, and apparently buttoned down. Scrolls of cord form fastenings and ornaments, and it is lined with squirrel. The hat is chinchilla, with osprey plume.*

certainly were not so in this," an observation drawn forth by the far greater notice that was taken about her brother, John Kemble, retiring from the stage than had been accorded to her own retirement, though it was admitted that she was incomparably the greater player of the two. There was, however, at one time far less significance attached to a funeral in Westminster Abbey than is the case now that it is so overcrowded; and however little prospect any living actress has of joining the distinguished company there resting, it is a fact that several actresses of the past are lying in the old fane, among them being Mrs Cibber, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and that "Nance Oldfield" whom we have seen Miss Ellen Terry impersonate so often in the feminine version of "David Garrick." Of recent years women have been overlooked in the matter of Westminster Abbey memorials, and while Robert Browning is actually buried there, the wife who stood by his side in genius, and to whom he was so passionately devoted, is not only lying far away from him, in Florence, but she has not even a small tablet to her memory near her husband's grave in the Abbey. As next March sees the centenary of her birth, it is suggested that this date might well be marked by the placing on the walls of the Abbey a National Memorial tablet to Mrs. Browning. She is not, in the nature of her work, a "popular" poet; she was too cultured, and her writings are too esoteric to gain her fame with the masses; but there ought to be easily found enough admirers of her work to set up a memorial, if it would be accepted by the Dean. The principal mover in the project is Mr. John Robinson, Delavel House, Sunderland.

A very charming reception was given by that smart and active body, the "Society of American Women in London," to meet Miss Poppenheim, the corresponding secretary of the General Federation of American Women's Clubs. Women's clubs in America are different from ours. They are more societies for study or for social intercourse: more, in fact, like such bodies as the Royal Botanical Society, which keeps up its gardens for members' use, but does not provide daily dinners, or the Philharmonic Society, which exists to organise its concerts, than like what we call a club, which is primarily a house for mutual accommodation in dining, sitting in, and receiving friends. Some American women's clubs keep up rooms and some do not, but they are in every case more of associations than ours. These clubs are united in the General Federation, of which the honorary secretary is the graceful Southern lady whom the Society of American women in London entertained. Mrs. Webster Glynes, the president, is also a woman of all the grace of manner and elegance of appearance of her nationality, and she looked particularly nice in brown chiffon velvet with a large sable pelerine falling to the hem of her gown, as she explained her pet project of getting money together to provide International scholarships for girls of the same sort as the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford. The idea

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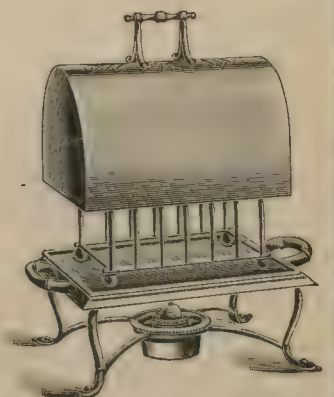
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of Mr. Rhodes for men and of Mrs. Glynes for girls is to have international understanding promoted by the passing of a few years of youth in the seats of learning of the Old Country by clever young persons, who are probable future leading spirits in their own land. Mrs. Glynes is, however, anxious to send some English girls to the great American women's colleges, as well as to bring girls from the States over to Girton and Newnham, and undoubtedly it would be an excellent idea to give some of our young people the advantage of knowing at first-hand what a great country America is, and how little the sensational items that are all that usually appear in our Press really represent the mental intelligence and moral excellence of the American nation. Especially in the education open to women, both general and professional, does America stand ahead of even this country, and it would be useful if more of us knew what is there available. If the Federation of Women's Clubs should adopt the idea warmly, they can carry it to immediate practical success, for they are a very wealthy and powerful body.

The National Union of Women Workers has carried out a crowded and successful series of meetings in Birmingham, but a practical objection was raised at one of the meetings to the fact that the Union does too much talking and too little practical work; to which a delegate from Leeds responded that we can do nothing but pass resolutions until we have the franchise, a remark that drew forth a great demonstration of agreement. I do not think that this is quite true, for certain great reforms have been carried already without such aid; but what is to be deplored is that these conferences never go to the root of the difficulties and troubles of women in particular or society at large. One lady, for instance, declared that children are sent to school in England not well clothed and well fed, because "the mother's will was in fault, and it was there that they must seek for a reformation." It is cruel in the extreme, as well as waste of time, to utter such shallow and unfair censure. The real reason why children are not better fed and clothed in thousands of cases is because the mother is too poor to obtain the needful materials, or she has to go out to work herself to get a bare living for her family and has not the time to see to the children's needs adequately at home, because she is away all day earning their bread. There is absolutely nothing in English law to compel a man to hand over a reasonable proportion of his earnings to keep his family. There is even nothing adequate to compel a man who is a drunkard or idle to work, and so to get any earnings at all for his family's purposes. It is not the poverty-harried mother's will, then, but her want, that sends children too often ill-clad and poorly fed, to school. If a women's conference would go to the root of the matter and suggest how the law could be strengthened to help the children, it is highly probable that



A PRINCESS VISITING-GOWN.

*Chiffon velours builds this handsome gown, the Princess cut partly aided by folds at the hips, but emphasised by the trimming of cloth cascade down, edged with a tiny silk frilling.*

the law would be altered accordingly. But what use is it to repeat the easy blame of the mother, throwing on to her "failure of will" in her utterly powerless position the whole responsibility of child-neglect?

Sir James Blyth, of Portland Place, is so well known in literary and stage circles that his daughter's wedding brought together a large attendance of "celebrities." There was a touching note from Sir Henry Irving, with his present of a ruby brooch, saying that he could not come to the wedding "as he expected to be in Liverpool on that date"! Madame Patti sent a costly jewelled chatelaine, and Mr. Pinero a gold-mounted stick. The bridal dress was a lovely one, cut Princess fashion, and somewhat Greek in draping, this idea emphasised by an embroidery in the Greek design in silver cord and paillettes down and round the gown, while Carrickmacross lace trimmed the train. The bridesmaids wore white satin Princess gowns, with cerise velvet hats trimmed with shaded dahlias, and finished with long veils of embroidered chiffon in the same colour. The bridegroom's gifts to them were brooches enamelled in the form of the regimental badge of his regiment, the 11th Hussars, and he also gave them Prayer-Books bound in white vellum, charmingly tooled. There were twelve maids, half of them being little children.

Chiffon velours or mousseline velours (same thing) is quite the smart fabric of this season. It is so supple (indeed it is often called by the modistes velours souple) that it can be built with all the fullness round towards the front of the skirt that is inevitable for the fashionable silhouette of the moment; and withal the lights and shades of it are as beautiful as in the older, stiffer silk velvet of our mothers. There is talk of bringing in "middle-aged fashions for middle-aged women," but at present the heavy brocade or the corded silk "that will stand alone," or the firm and thick make of silk velvet are not "in it." Softly falling fabrics are necessary so long as such a quantity of material is put into the front breadths and as so many folds and fullness mark the front aspect of a fashionable frock. Cloth gowns are trimmed with bands and strappings of velvet, and collar and cuffs and outside pockets and belt of it are added also when the design permits. It is really no wonder that velvet of this new soft and pliable kind should be so much employed, for it is most artistic and delightful to the eye of the spectator of the result, and to the touch of the wearer. Satin is a good relief to velvet, and wheels of satin in the same colour as the *fond* are a favoured decoration. Trimmings on skirts, by the way, are usually put on in the form of rounds or "wreaths," sometimes centred with a lace medallion, and sometimes just leaving the dress material visible in the centre of the embroidered or otherwise contrasting round of decoration. Fur set on in a round with a lace medallion in the midst is a good combination on a mousseline velours dress. FILOMENA.

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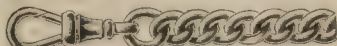
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## MUSIC.

## "MADAME BUTTERFLY" AND "MEFISTOFELE."

We referred briefly last week to the revival of "Madame Butterfly," a work so important and so popular that no apology is needed for returning to it and considering the style and manner of the interpretation. A modern opera of this calibre affords a very certain test for the quality of the singers engaged at Covent Garden. In a familiar rôle, the artist of second-rate accomplishment may produce an effect out of proportion to the means

contrasted unhappily with the high level of dignity that Mlle. Destinn maintained throughout. She never lost self-control. Madame Giachetti, on the other hand, never seemed to find it. Vocally the contrast was still more marked. The Italian soprano's high notes seemed overstrained; they are produced with a big effort that is distinctly detrimental to their quality, and to hear the singer at her best it is necessary to wait for passages that require the middle voice, or for the low notes that, being lightly accompanied, do not lead the singer to oppose all her strength to the orchestra lest it should be

held huge houses spell-bound by the exquisite quality of her voice and the remarkable intensity of her acting.

The part of the lieutenant calls for little comment for reasons stated last week. Signor Zenatello was more convincing in a physical sense, because he is considerably younger than Caruso, and could give to the part the boyish air that makes the whole story tolerable. After all, it is the tragedy of a boyish escapade, and a suggestion of middle age, or even an approach to it, turns carelessness into vice. It was only in the last act, when the wanderer returns, that we felt the absence of Caruso.



THE NELSON CENTENARY AT BRISTOL: PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE BRISTOL ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

The ceremony took place on the Downs on Trafalgar Day. The Lord Mayor of Bristol presided, and called upon Admiral Close to hand the colours to Lord Nelson for presentation to the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves. The colours were a silk Union Jack, given by Lady Brassey, and a white silk ensign, presented by the Duke of Beaufort.

employed. Difficult modern work, on the other hand, has no accepted convention. Moreover, when "Madame Butterfly" was given in July last, Caruso and Destinn divided the honours, and "what shall he do that cometh after the King?"

We would not pretend for a moment that the difference between the July and October interpretations is not noticeable. Dramatically, Madame Giachetti's Butterfly is quite effective; but is not always inspired. At moments when the spectator might reasonably expect to be thrilled, she seemed to miss the point to which music and action had led. There was a certain quality of petulance and unrest in her impersonation that

too much for her. At the same time, it is only fair to admit that Madame Giachetti's performance, founded, we were told, upon no more than three rehearsals with the orchestra, was exceedingly interesting; though, apart from its vocal limitations, it may be suggested that it would have been better had the artist given more serious consideration to the Japanese temperament. Destinn's Madame Butterfly was from the Island Empire; Madame Giachetti's had apparently seen her sailor lad approaching by way of the Adriatic or the Tyrrhenian Sea. It was purely Italian exuberance that led her to sing against her lover in the final duet of the first act, instead of subordinating her voice to his, as Destinn did when she

No other tenor known to us could sing Pinkerton's last song in the same fashion. By comparison, Signor Zenatello left us cold. Madame Giliert, in her original part of Suzuki, sang with exquisite feeling, and acted in fashion that did much to give scenes their realism. With the further performances the company tends to improve steadily, and it is undeniable that in "Madame Butterfly" Covent Garden has one of the biggest successes of recent years.

The revival of Boito's "Mefistofele" may recall to very old opera-goers the first performance, given at the Scala in Milan nearly forty years ago. It was the most discussed opera of its day. Partisans and opponents

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I have now used the Cap for a little over three months, and my photograph enclosed herewith will show you the results I have obtained. I mailed this photograph home to my wife in Boston, and her surprise at noting the growth of hair on my head will perhaps be appreciated by quoting from her letter: "Your picture came in this morning, but how strange it seems. Are you wearing a wig or has the Cap really made your hair grow in again?"

Although I appreciate the honour of getting the gold medal on my own invention, yet I am frank to say that I have derived more satisfaction from having my hair restored than receiving the medal.

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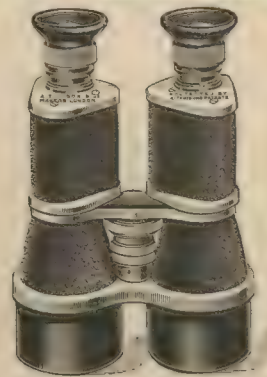
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went to the length of fighting duels in support of their opinions, but the work presented now is a very revised version, so the opponents may be held justified. Much of the original was cut out by Boito when it was made clear to him that the early form of his opera was impossible judged from the standard of the stage. Faust, who had been a baritone, was made a tenor, and a great scene in the Emperor's palace was cut out altogether. Boito's work has never received in England the full measure of recognition that is its due. Few people, indeed, remember that he wrote his own libretto, to say nothing of the libretto of Verdi's "Othello" and Ponchielli's "Gioconda."

#### ECCLIASTICAL NOTES.

A very impressive service was that of the London Church Choir Association, held last week in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Lord Mayor of London, with the Sheriffs, attended in state. There were one thousand voices in the choir, the members representing sixty different churches. The music was under the direction of Dr. H. Walford Davies, organist of the Temple Church. The preacher was the Rev. Robert Catterall, Chaplain to the Lord Mayor, and Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury.

The Bishop of Ripon, speaking at his diocesan conference, paid a warm tribute to the memory of Henry Irving. Dr. Boyd Carpenter agrees with Dr. Clifford (1) that Irving won popularity and respect by appealing to the highest ideals of the people, and (2) that the lesson of hard work is one of the most important messages of his career.

Canon Julian, the eminent hymnologist, who has been for thirty years Vicar of Wincobank, near Sheffield, will shortly remove to the living of Top Cliff, Yorkshire, made vacant by the death of Canon Quilter. Dr. Julian is a Cornishman by birth and the son of a Wesleyan minister. He is an excellent preacher, and very seldom uses notes in the pulpit.

The Inns of Court Mission in Drury Lane has opened its winter work under hopeful auspices. The new buildings, which are now in full working order, have involved considerable expenditure, and collections were taken at the Temple Church last Sunday on behalf of this cause.—V.



A MOSLEM PARADISE: THE GARDEN OF THE GRAND SHEREEF AT MECCA.

The office of Grand Sherreef, at Mecca, which became vacant last July by the death of his Highness El-Rafik Pasha, has now been filled by the appointment of the late Sherreef's nephew, his Highness Ali Pasha. The gardens of this official's residence are marvellously beautiful.

#### EUROPE THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.

##### A COLLOQUY.

In the street the other day I encountered my friend Vicomte —, whom I had met previously on the Côte d'Azur. At that time all his interest and attention were fixed on the Moroccan question. Seven French battle-ships lay in sight, and he looked at them tenderly. "Ah, my friend," he said to me then. "Our fleet is with you in England now. The fleets of France and England can command the world. Our friend Guillaume *est très triste* this morning. He will climb down on the Moroccan question."

Now, when I met him after some months, he said—"Ah, did I not speak the truth? Where is Germany to-day? Do you read the French papers?" I replied that occasionally I read quotations from them in the English papers.

"Well, then, you can see how it is?" he said. I replied that to the best of my understanding no one quite knows how it is with Europe to-day. "What!" he exclaimed. "Why did the Tsar and the Kaiser meet?" "There has been much talk," I said, "but I suppose that only a very few know what happened, and they do not communicate their thoughts to the Press. As far as I can remember there are three theories. One was the question of the throne of Norway; the second a proposed alliance to protect the entire Scandinavian coast; the third, which is the latest, that Russia has secretly made an alliance with England, and that Germany desired to join it. Which do you prefer?"

"I!" he said, "I take them all." They talked about Norway and Sweden; they proposed to take possession of the Northern sea, and Germany wished to enter the Anglo-Russian *entente* with a view to isolating France from England. But he has failed. It is all so clear to me."

"But, my dear Vicomte," I said, "how can we possibly know?"

"Because," he replied, touching his nose, and then, as if that were too French for London, tapping his forehead. "It is reason, it is logic, it is what you call common-sense. Do you not remember that when the Tsar went to meet the Kaiser you at once sent your fleet to the Baltic?" Again he touched his nose and forgot to tap his forehead. "That was superb! France did not need to go to

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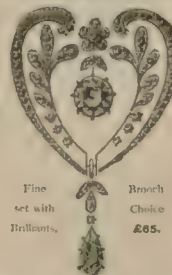


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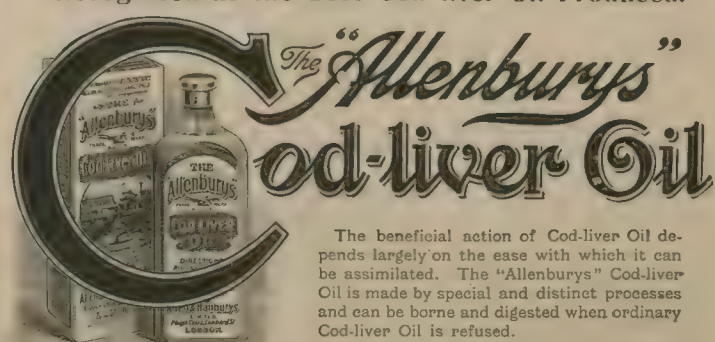


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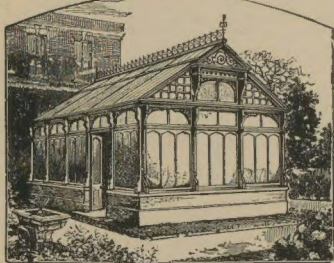
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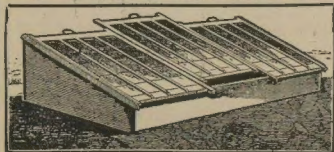
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the Baltic because"—shrugging his shoulders—"she did not need to go. Now, then, what was the next move in the game of the 'haute politique'? Well, the Tsar refuses the request of the great Guillaume and makes sure her *entente* with England. So there you have a triple *entente* and two alliances. England and Japan, France and Russia, what is Germany to do?"



AN ARGYLL MOTOR FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN TOUR.

The car in the accompanying illustration has been sent to Bombay by the makers, the Argyll Motors, Ltd., for the use of the Prince and Princess of Wales during their tour in India. It seats seven persons, and has a specially designed canopy with sun-blinds and windows. The upholstery is in blue, and the body is painted cream colour.

"Give back Alsace and Lorraine," I said, laughing. "Come, Vicomte, do you really think this great diplomatic scheme of yours will hold water?"

"Do you read the German papers?" he cried angrily. "There is consternation in Germany. They fear for their trade, for their army, for their country.

Germany desires colonies, and she shall not get them."

And he snapped his fingers angrily. "You cannot bind a great nation," I said, "in chains of iron; to break them she would hurl her army across your frontier."

"And we should meet it and annihilate it," he said calmly. "France does not desire war, but she does not fear it. Besides, there are no colonies left for Germany—she may try to make war on your country, but that is impossible. You hold the command of the seas with the help of France. Our stars are in the ascendant. Germany knows, and is afraid."

"Alliances and *ententes* break up very easily," I replied; "apparent diplomacy is never the real one, or seldom so. An *entente* with Russia, even if there is talk of one, cannot mean harm to Germany: apart from trade, the interests of the two countries meet only in the East, and there an amicable understanding would be most desirable. Germany has room enough for her great population, but she must look to the future, and therefore has always desired to colonise. It is not in Middle Asia, however, that she could do so. She may want a slice of Europe to herself, or even some portion of Africa, whether in the South, East, North or West—"

"Ah! Africa," he cried; "there we come back to the Moroccan question."

"I was sure you should," I murmured to myself. Then I said aloud, "At least the Kaiser worsted M. Delcassé."

"That was diplomacy," said the Vicomte. "There would have been war. We have averted that, yet gained what we wished. Is not that better?" I assented; "But the question is not settled yet." "It is settled," he replied, "so far as our honour is concerned. We have gained almost all that we demanded. At the Conference that is to come we shall have the support of all the Powers, and again Germany will stand alone."

"England has often stood alone," I replied. "You know that in England we do not hate the Germans."

"Of what matter is that?" he said. "The Germans hate you, and that is sufficient. They will make trouble yet, and you are ready for them."

"What do you think of affairs in Russia?" I asked. "An Anglo-Russian *entente* may not be of much value even yet, if there is a revolution."

"Bah!" said the Vicomte. "Those Russians are not to be feared. Turn the guns on them and they will run like sheep. They are not like the French. A Russian peasant is only a stupid animal."

"But when mad, even a cow becomes dangerous," I said.

"Well, and what matter?" he asked. "You kill it, that is all."

I shook my head. But he would have that it was so.

The official account of the tour in India of the Prince and Princess of Wales will be written by Sir Walter Lawrence, K.C.I.E., Chief of the Prince's Staff. The work will contain the only authoritative

record of this memorable journey. It will be published in two handsome, finely illustrated volumes by Mr. Edward Arnold, 41 and 43, Maddox Street, London, publisher to H.M. Secretary of State for India in Council, as soon as possible after the conclusion of the royal tour.

Captain H. M. Beasley, R.A., one of our finest bridge-players, has written a most excellent little monograph on



THE UNVEILING OF THE MOLTKE MEMORIAL AT BERLIN.

The memorial, which is erected in the Königsplatz, was unveiled on October 26 in the presence of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince, and the Royal Princes. The sculptor is Professor Ullrich. The Emperor laid a gilded wreath at the foot of the statue with the inscription "To the great Emperor's greatest General." At the banquet which followed the Kaiser made his "muscles-taut-and-powder-dry" speech.

the game, under the title of "London Bridge, and How It is Played" (Heinemann). In eleven short chapters Captain Beasley expounds the whole art. Besides the merely technical information, which is admirably clear and concise, the author has found space for "Notes for the Unlucky" and a chapter on "Inferences."

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Miss King, of Barfield, Rockbarton, Salthill, Galway, interviewed by a local paper's representative, said: "For about two years I was a very great sufferer from biliousness and indigestion, and terrible headaches after eating. I was chiefly affected with sick stomach, accompanied at times by sour discharges. There was also a distension of the stomach which caused me very great pain. If I drove out on a car I was certain to feel ill-effects, which generally included dizziness and the weakness of the limbs, and so bad was I at times that unless I received support I would have fallen.

"Though I was very bad, I did not feel like going into hospital, as many people say that hospital treatment is not always a success. I scarcely knew what to do to regain my health until I heard of Bile Beans. The wonders of this medicine were brought to my notice whilst staying at Captain Butson's at Eyre Court. A girl at that place, hearing me complaining, said her mother had suffered in a similar way until she had been completely cured by taking Bile Beans. On this recommendation I decided to test the merits of the medicine, and sent for a supply. Soon after commencing with the Beans I found that the sickness after eating was not so serious, and the swelling of the stomach began to reduce considerably. I continued to take a thorough course of the medicine, and very soon found that I was gradually getting better. I now feel my health thoroughly restored, and attribute my cure solely to taking Bile Beans."

Bile Beans are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Biliousness, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anæmia, and Female Ailments, and ward off Colds, Liver Chills, and Influenza.

Obtainable of all medicine vendors, or post free from the sole proprietors, The Bile Bean Co., 4, Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1½d. per box, or large family size (containing three times quantity small size), 2s. 9d. Bile Beans are sold in sealed boxes only—never loose.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 6, 1905) of EMILY, LADY SHERBORNE, of 4, Hyde Park Gate, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 21 by Sir Herbert Stern, Bart., the brother, and Francis Hardy, the value of the estate amounting to £321,732. The testatrix gives £100 per annum to her maid Anna Kritzer, and under the provisions of the will of her father, the late Baron de Stern, she directs that £5000 per annum is to be paid to her husband until he shall again marry. Lady Sherborne makes no further disposition of her property.

The will (dated March 25, 1905) of MR. JOHN POUND, of Bankside, Bishop Auckland, Durham, retired solicitor, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Oct. 20 by Robert Dunn Proud, the son, and Walter Herbert Septimus Pyman, the value of the real and personal property being £104,302. The testator gives the premises, Bankside, and 13, Market Place, and his real property at Coundon, to his son; £100 per annum each to his niece and nephew, Emma and Thomas Labron; £500, in trust, for the endowment of the Church at East Layton, built by his wife, or for the religious welfare of the inhabitants; £500 for bell-ringing purposes, at East Layton; £500, in trust, for St. Andrew's Church, Auckland; and legacies to clerks and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his son and his daughter, Mrs. Laura Pyman.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1888) of MR. WILLIAM BLACK, of 1, Lovaine Place, Newcastle, founder of Black,

Hawthorne and Co., engineers, Gateshead, who died on July 12, has been proved by Edward Watson Johnston, John Johnston, and William Joseph Noble, the nephews, the value of the property being £99,345. Subject to the payment of legacies to relatives, friends, and persons in his employ, he leaves all his estate and effects to very many nephews and nieces.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 23, 1896) of SIR HENRY TROTTER, G.C.V.O., of Martonhall, Liberton, Midlothian, and Charterhall, Berwickshire, lately commanding the Grenadier Guards, and afterwards the Home District, who died on July 16, granted to Lady Eva Trotter, the widow, has been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £91,135.

The will (dated May 19, 1898) of MR. THOMAS HULME, Mayor of Burslem, of Woodleigh, Wolstanton, Staffordshire, who died on Aug. 26, has been proved by Henry Hulme, the brother, Francis Critchlow Wood, the nephew, Christopher Lowe, and Henry Watkin, the value of the estate amounting to £76,128. The testator gives his books on art and pottery, and on the history or topography of Staffordshire and the Potteries, and his pictures and pottery to the Burslem Corporation, to be kept in the Wedgwood Memorial Institute, with the collection already given by him. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves to the children of his brothers, Henry and

James, and his sisters, Anne Hulme, Sarah Wareham, Kate Roberts, Eliza Wood, and Betsy Lowe, except his nephews, James Thomas Hulme and Frederick William Hulme, and his nieces, Elizabeth Hulme, Frances Ganner, and Charlotte Cartwright.

Wireless telegraphy has been fitted for the first time to a South African passenger-steamer, on board the *Inkosi*, belonging to Messrs. John T. Rennie, Son, and Co., of the Aberdeen line. The Marconi system will also be installed on the same company's steamer *Inanda*.

The well-known Cap Martin Hotel, near Monte Carlo, has undergone considerable extensions in anticipation of the forthcoming season, the furnishings and fittings having been entirely carried out by Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, London.

One of the most wonderful examples of cutlery is the Kropp hollow-ground razor, which has brought steel almost to the fineness of a tissue. It should only be sharpened upon the Kropp Duplex razor-strop, a combination of specially prepared russia leather and canvas, constructed on the graduating principle.

The fine mosaic to the memory of the Duke of Cambridge, in the Guards' Chapel, a memorial which was by an unfortunate slip described as a window, is the work of Mr. John R. Clayton, who was at one time a draughtsman on the staff of this Journal. The work in question is one of the last of a long series of mosaics upon which Mr. Clayton has been engaged for the last twenty-five years.

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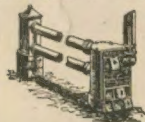


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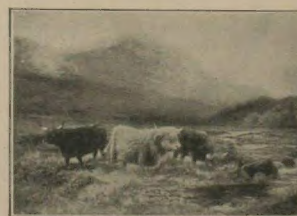
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